

THE MONTH

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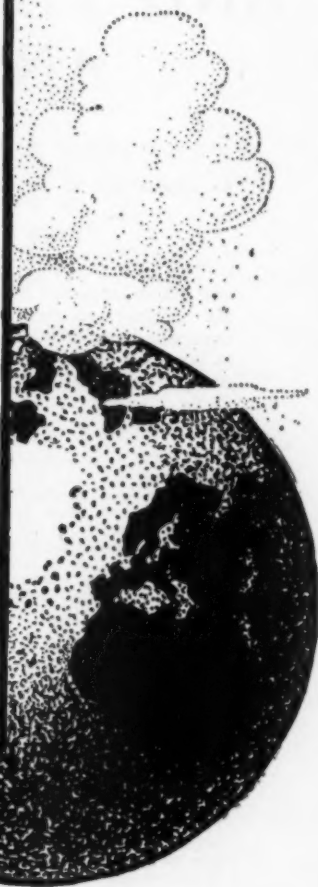
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*Indulgences.*¹

FIRST ARTICLE.

I HAVE been asked to read a Paper on Indulgences. It is a difficult and complicated subject, and to deal adequately with it would be impossible within the assigned limits. Especially would this be the case were I to set myself to deal with the piles of crude erudition amassed in a book which is sure to occur to the mind when the question of Indulgences is brought forward—I mean, of course, Dr. H. C. Lea's third volume which bears this title of *Indulgences*. The object, however, of these meetings of the Guild of St. Thomas is not to seek solutions of obscure historical problems, but to examine those doctrines and practices of the Catholic Church which may appear to form impediments in the way of reunion. I shall therefore treat the subject from this point of view, and expound to the best of my power the meaning of Indulgences, the theological principles which underlie the practice, the warrants for its acceptance on which we rely, the experience we have of its practical working, in the past and in the present. And in this connection I should like from the outset to call attention to an important difference between such a subject as Indulgences and those which have been considered in former Papers at these annual meetings. In those others it was a question of the nature and seat of doctrinal authority, and the essayist could start from no other postulates save those common to his own Church, and that of his audience. To-day I am concerned with a doctrine which we Catholics receive primarily on the authority of the Catholic Church, and I am entitled therefore to take this authority as a postulate, and invite my hearers to judge what I have to lay before them from this standpoint. They may not feel, if their own personal standpoint involves rejection of the authority of the Holy See and the Church in communion with it, that the theological and historical points to which their attention will be drawn, suffice to justify our comparatively modern system of Indulgences. Indeed, I do not know that I myself, if thus

¹ A Paper read to the Guild of St. Thomas of Canterbury on May 12, 1908.

limited in my postulates, could regard the system as capable of being conclusively vindicated by historical arguments alone. But my endeavour will be to show that, if once it be granted that the Church's constant and unhesitating sanction and support given to a practice is sufficient guarantee of its validity in the eyes of God, the *data* of theology and history form an array of evidence pointing distinctly in the same direction.

1. *Meaning of an Indulgence.*—It is perhaps not necessary to rebut two false ideas of the nature of an Indulgence, which have at times been prevalent in Protestant countries. For completeness' sake, however, I may just remark that an Indulgence is not a permission given, in consideration of a money payment, to commit some sin or sins otherwise forbidden by the law of God. Such an idea is altogether too horrible, nor has it ever prevailed in the Catholic Church. Nor again is it an easier mode of obtaining forgiveness of past sins, by resorting to which a sinner may dispense himself from the severe discipline of the Sacrament of Penance. There are still scholars like Dr. H. C. Lea, who imagine that this idea prevailed at one time, at least, in the minds of the uninstructed multitude, and we shall have to consider this point later on. But even Dr. Lea would acknowledge that it has scant support in the language of the Church and her theologians, and in fact it has none at all. Indeed such an idea would be heretical, as being in conflict with the unquestionable teaching of the Church about the Sacrament of Penance. What then is the true definition of an Indulgence? It is as follows: "An Indulgence is a remission of the whole or part of the temporal punishment due to actual sins, of which the guilt has been already remitted through the Sacrament of Penance. It is imparted, outside the Sacrament of Penance, by the Pope or a Bishop, and consists in an application of the merits of Christ and the Saints." This is not indeed a definition taken as it stands from any authoritative utterance of the Church, but it may be said without fear of contradiction that it expresses the general agreement of all the pastors and theologians of the Church; besides which for every item in it some decree of the Holy See can be cited.¹

¹ See, for instance, the condemnation of the errors of Wiclif and Huss, by Martin V. in the Council of Constance (1418); of those of Luther, by Leo X., in his Bull *Exurgat Dominus* (1520); the decree of the Council of Trent (1563) and the corresponding clause in Pius IV.'s Catechism; also the condemnation of the Council of Pistoia's decrees by Pius VI. (1786).

A few words in explanation of this definition will prepare the way for the fuller understanding of it which we shall get by studying the theological principles involved.

When the guilt of a sin has been remitted, and together with this the sentence of eternal punishment which it carries with it, it is the belief of the Church that a debt of temporal punishment, or punishment lasting for a time only, is substituted. This debt, unless it is otherwise discharged or remitted, will have to be discharged by punishments undergone in Purgatory, a place of suffering ordained for that purpose. But it can be discharged in this life—in part or in whole, as the circumstances allow—by good works that have a satisfactory value in God's eyes—the chief of which are prayer, fasting, and almsdeeds. It is to this power of satisfying for the debt of temporal punishment that the injunction "redeem your sins with almsdeeds"¹ is understood to refer. The debt can also be remitted in whole or in part during this life, under certain conditions, and this mode of remission is what is meant by an Indulgence.

According to the definition this debt of temporal punishment can only be remitted in cases in which the guilt of the sin has been remitted first. One, therefore, who is conscious of being in as yet unforgiven mortal sin, is not in a position to gain an Indulgence, however well in other respects he fulfils the conditions prescribed (of prayer, or pilgrimages, or almsdeeds), until he has first had recourse to the power of the Keys in the Sacrament of Penance, the only means by which the guilt of mortal sin can be blotted out. This follows from the very nature of the debt of temporal punishment, which does not come into being except as a substitute for the eternal punishment that has been remitted; which, moreover, derives its special value from the fact of its being imposed in the spirit of fatherly discipline and accepted in the spirit of filial repentance.

Next, according to the definition, this remission of temporal punishment is imparted outside the Sacrament of Penance. That does not mean that, if the prelate competent to grant it were hearing a man's confession, he could not use that occasion to impart the Indulgence. He could, though it is a thing seldom if ever done. What is meant is that the power in virtue of which an Indulgence is granted, is not the power of

¹ Dan. iv. 23. This is the Vulgate version, which is probably the more correct, and is at all events that found in Theodotion's Greek version. Besides, it was this which the Fathers and ecclesiastical writers followed all through.

Order, but the power of ecclesiastical jurisdiction. The power of Order is needed to remit the guilt of sin, because this is done by restoring sanctifying grace, which under our Lord's appointment can only be done through the sacrament. The power of jurisdiction suffices for remitting the debt of temporal punishment, not because this mode of remission might not, had our Lord willed it, have been attached exclusively to the administration of the sacrament as instituted by the words, "Whose sins ye remit or retain they are remitted or retained;" but because the Church has never so understood these words, and, as her age-long practice witnesses, has held her remission of temporal punishment to be an exercise of the power given to the Church through the words addressed to St. Peter: "Whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in Heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in Heaven." This is in fact one of the points to which an observation already made is applicable, the observation, I mean, regarding the conclusion that can be validly drawn from a constant practice of the Church.

Being an act of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, the granting of an Indulgence is valid only if it comes from one possessed of competent authority. This is for the whole Church the Holy See, and for his own diocese the Bishop, for only these are rulers in the Church. But the Holy See has the right to regulate, in the general interests of the Church, the exercise of episcopal jurisdiction, and hence to restrict or extend it. The degree in which it has used this regulative power has differed in different ages. By the most recent legislation (of August 28, 1903) Bishops can give fifty days' Indulgence, Archbishops one hundred, in their respective dioceses, and Cardinals two hundred in their titular churches, and (if they have them) dioceses; nor can they give even these except on certain limited occasions, of which the most usual is when they are present pontifically at High Mass. The granting of all higher Indulgences, and particularly Plenary Indulgences, is reserved to the Holy See.

The definition further states that the remission given in the form of an Indulgence is by an application of the merits of Christ and the saints. This, particularly, is a point which will be better understood when we come to study the theological principles involved in the use of Indulgences. For the moment I need only say that, whilst in one sense an Indulgence is a

remission granted in the name of the Person outraged by the sinner—that is, of God—in another, it is a gift received from the generosity of others, by which the sinner is enabled to discharge his debt. To aid ourselves with a comparison. Paul owes a certain sum of money to Peter, which he can only pay off gradually and slowly. If Peter forgives him, we have a case of pure remission. If some rich friend intervenes and furnishes Paul with the money he owes, we have a case of payment rendered possible by an act of generosity on the part of a friend, but no sort of remission. If, however, Peter be one set over Paul in some capacity of rule, and the debt owed is a fine imposed by way of punishment, then, even if the rich friend intervenes with his generous offer, an act of remission on the part of Peter is needed, to accept on behalf of Paul, or perhaps voluntarily to apply to him, this means of discharging his fine. The application to our case is easy. Paul stands for the sinner under debt of temporal punishment. Peter stands for the ecclesiastical authority which in God's name gives the remission or Indulgence, and the merits of Christ and the saints, piously called the Treasury of the Church, are the purse from which the rich friend's generosity draws. This comparison seems to me to place a somewhat complicated conception in a clear light, but I may be reproached for introducing monetary terms into a subject-matter where the misuse of such terms has led to fearful misunderstandings. And it is true one must be careful in drawing a comparison of this sort, so as not to press the application too crudely and suggest ideas too gross. Still, we have the clear warrant of Holy Scripture for a comparison of this sort, for does not St. Paul tell us that we are *bought*, and with a great *price*; and St. Peter that we were *redeemed* (*i.e.*, *bought* back) not with silver and gold, but with the Precious Blood of Christ; whilst our Lord Himself does not hesitate to bid us *traffic* till He comes, to describe the true Christian life as engaged in putting our talents to profitable use, or to warn us that in the hour of judgment the last farthing will be exacted.

Such is the general notion of an Indulgence. Now a word on some technical terms. A *partial* Indulgence is one that remits a portion, greater or smaller, of the temporal punishment due; a *plenary* Indulgence is one that remits all of it. In grants of partial Indulgence the custom is to graduate them as grants of so many years, or days, or quarantines (*i.e.*, Lents) of

Indulgence. The phraseology is explained by the evolution of the modern system out of the system of the early Church, when the Indulgences related *directly* to the remission of canonical penance actually imposed, or such as, in accordance with the scale in use, were proper to be imposed. There is, however, no longer any idea of equating the grant to external penances taxed on this scale. The phraseology being traditional and convenient, is retained, but nothing more is meant than that an Indulgence of three hundred days is greater than one of one hundred days. There is not even an idea of comparing them save in the roughest manner. And certainly there is no thought of defining the time in Purgatory which the Indulgence can remit. The code of punishment followed in Purgatory is known only to God. When a Plenary Indulgence is granted, it is usual to require as one of the conditions that prayers shall be said for *the Pope's intention*. This does not mean any intention which the Pope may happen to have at the time when the prayers are said. It means three things which the Pope desires and intends that we shall pray for on such occasions; and these are the exaltation of the Church, the extirpation of heresies, and union and concord among Christian princes and peoples—three objects which must necessarily be close to the heart of one charged with the solicitude of all the Churches.

2. *Theological Principles involved.*—We come now to our second main heading, the Theological Principles involved, and what I want to show here is that the practice of Indulgences is, not indeed the necessary outcome, but a very natural application of some of the fundamental principles on which the whole scheme of Redemption is based. Let us begin with the idea of guilt and its two-fold punishment. We have somewhat forestalled this point, but must now examine it a little more deeply. By the *guilt* (Latin, *culpa*) of sin we mean that aspect of it under which it is an offence against God which deserves to draw down His wrath upon the offender, and to cause the withdrawal from the soul of that Divine grace which is the symbol and expression of the Divine friendship. This guilt remains in the soul until God pardons it by restoring to it the grace and friendship it had lost. Under this aspect the restoration of the sinner is a remission of guilt. Under another and consequent aspect the sin is to be regarded as meriting a proportionate punishment, and that the two aspects are distinct

is clear, because they are separable in thought, and, at least in the analogous cases of offences by man against his fellow-man, are sometimes separated in fact. Thus a justly offended father may say to his son, "I shall not inflict on you any positive punishment, but I cannot take you to my heart again;" or he may say, conversely, "My son, I forgive you the offence, and take you back to all my former love and care, but I think it good that you should atone for your fault by undergoing its appropriate punishment." Still, in the case of mortal sin and its eternal punishment, a separation other than in thought is inconceivable, since whatsoever other elements of torment there may be in eternal punishment, the chief element is undoubtedly the sense of exclusion from the love and friendship of God, which sense, though in this life it is often not found very painful, will in the light of eternity be terrible. And this, I may observe by the way, is the radical cause why this punishment is eternal in its duration; for it must last as long as the Divine displeasure lasts, and, since after death there is no more place for reconciliation, this is for ever. On the other hand, this same consideration shows that, as soon as the guilt of grievous sin is pardoned, its debt of eternal punishment is pardoned also, since with the pardon there necessarily springs up in the soul the sense of the Divine friendship restored. It is here we touch on the *raison d'être* of Temporal Punishment. It is impossible for the eternal punishment to remain due after the guilt is pardoned, and yet the motive which induces an earthly parent to inflict some punishment even on a pardoned son—namely, to render him more sensible to the magnitude of his offence and enable him to make some satisfaction for it according to his powers—may move Almighty God to substitute in the case of the pardoned sinner some milder form of punishment which so far from excluding the sense of Divine friendship, derives its efficacy just from that very source. This last is a point to be carefully noted if we desire to enter into the Church's conception of Temporal Punishment and its function. All temporal punishment, however sharp it may be in itself, is more sweet than grievous, because it is attended by the willing recognition that it is inflicted by the God of Love, and in the intention that it shall be the means of preparing the soul for its final beatitude. In Purgatory this willing recognition must be especially and continuously active, and on earth it is what renders efficacious, in proportion as it animates them, those deeds of penance and

satisfaction by which the repentant sinner is permitted to secure deliverance from the discipline of Purgatory by anticipating it.

These are the reasons which explain why temporal punishment is ordained by God, or, if any one prefers so to take it, why it is likely that God has ordained it, as part of His scheme of restoration for the sinner. But have we proofs that God has in fact followed this scheme of restoration? Here God's dealing with our first parents in pardoning them, but at the same time condemning them to lives of toil and sorrow and death; or His dealing with David, who was forgiven his sin with Bethsabee and against Urias, but was punished with the loss of a cherished child—these and kindred instances are legitimately cited as proving that God does recognize the principle of commuting, when He pardons a sin, a greater into a lesser punishment. That He does so in the wider and more general case we Catholics are content to believe solely on the authority of the Church, that faithful depository of our Lord's revelation to man. Still we can also appeal to the practice of praying for the dead, and offering the Holy Mass for them. For, if we are to pray for the dead, it must be that our prayers can be of service to them, nor does it appear what other service we can render them save by delivering them from some obstacle, such as sin or its punishment, which is delaying their entrance into bliss. And so St. Augustine understands the practice when he says: "As regards the prayers of Holy Church, the saving sacrifice, and the alms which are offered up for the spirits of the dead, it is not to be doubted but that they are aided by them, and that God in consequence deals with them more *mercifully than their sins deserved*," which must mean that He remits some of their punishment when thus moved by sacrifices and almsdeeds. And so they must be undergoing punishment, and punishment which, being remissible, is temporal. Moreover, this was not merely his personal opinion, for he adds, "This has been handed down to us by our fathers, and the whole Church observes it."¹ And St. Isidore uses words of similar import.²

When we consider more carefully this scheme of temporal punishment for the repentant sinner, we see that essentially it involves what the Church has always understood it to involve, two alternatives: either the bearing of the punishment in a place assigned, namely Purgatory, when this life is over, or else the previous averting of the same during this life by deeds which

¹ Serm. 172, n. 2.

² *De Eccl. Offic.* 1, c. 18, 11.

have an atoning or satisfactory value. We see that the ultimate reason for exacting one or other of these alternatives is that the restoration of the sinner may not be effected at the cost of leaving the order of divine justice (which requires due reparation for all offences) unvindicated. And we see that of the two alternatives the preferable in God's eyes must be that which the repentant sinner takes upon himself in this life, on the principle that reparation for offence offered is always esteemed more when it is freely offered than when it is resignedly accepted—whence it follows that a lesser suffering undergone on earth by way of satisfaction may be the equivalent of a severer suffering in Purgatory. But a common objection to this doctrine of a satisfaction for his own sins attempted by man is that it is injurious to the merits of Christ—namely, in two ways, (1) by implying that our Lord's atonement on the Cross was not all-sufficient, and (2) by assuming that any deeds whatever done by fallen man can avail to make amends for an outrage done to the Majesty of God. This objection, we know, is the stronghold of evangelical Protestantism, and it has sufficient force to make it worthy of careful consideration. I will take it then as the starting-point from which to commence a presentation of our Catholic doctrine on the subject. I may indeed dispense myself from the endeavour to prove that our Lord's motive in clothing Himself with our flesh and dying upon the Cross was to make a full and superabundant satisfaction for all the sins of all men, by offering Himself up as a sacrifice of propitiation on the Cross. This is much disputed now-a-days, and is declared by many to be a revolting doctrine, altogether inconsistent with the goodness of God, whom we cannot imagine as wishing to punish the innocent for the guilty, or exacting such a fearful act of cruelty as the sole condition under which He would deign to show mercy. But the members of the Guild of St. Thomas are not likely to urge an objection which runs counter to the most evident and emphatic teaching of the New Testament,¹ and rests only on the difficulty of

¹ If any question this, it can only be because their reading of the New Testament is superficial and irreflective. To pass over the frequent use of sacrificial language in reference to our Lord in Gospels and Epistles alike, and the appeal to *Isaias liii.*, (the language of which every Jew must have understood to be sacrificial) as a prediction and foreshadowing of our Lord's Passion, let any such questioners note carefully the main argument of the Epistle to the Hebrews. Our Lord, it tells us, took our flesh that He might be a *high priest* to make *reconciliation for our sins* (ii. 17); the very purpose of a high priest is to *offer sacrifice for sins* (v. 1); the need of our Lord's high-priesthood arose out of the inability of the Levitical priesthood to

harmonizing that teaching with a conception of the Divine Nature true enough in itself. I will, then, only observe that the upholders of the objection speak as if they had never read the story of the Crucifixion, and as if they contemplated a case in which the Eternal Father had sent down some angels to act as judges and executioners in His name, to pass the sentence of condemnation, to inflict the scourgings and the nailings, the shame and the mockery on His most innocent Son. They appear to forget that what our Lord did was to live a life of ready conformity to His Father's will in perfect righteousness and faithful testimony to the truth, and to persevere in this even unto death. It was in thus completing a faithful life by freely laying it down for the truth, that He realized in Himself all the essentials of a true sacrifice, in which He was alike the priest and the victim; and it was thereby that, being who He was, a Person of infinite dignity, He rendered to the Majesty of God a tribute of infinite honour, which fully satisfied for the outrages done by the sins of men. And it is because He did all this that He is fitly called our Redeemer, and the shedding of His Blood is called the great price by His paying of which the bond outstanding against us was blotted out from the tablets on which it was written.

This much in recognition of the all-sufficiency, the superabundance, of the satisfaction for our sins paid by our Lord Jesus Christ. But, if so, what room for further satisfactions on the part of the pardoned sinner? The Catholic answer is that the satisfactions required of us are not to be conceived as added—as it were, by a sum of simple addition—to the satisfactions of Christ. The two satisfactions belong to different spheres. It is true that we, being finite, and sinners to boot, could not make condign satisfaction for our sins. Our Lord only could do that, but when He had done it by His death on the Cross, it still remained for the fruits thereof to be applied to the individual souls. And here He was free to assign the conditions under which the application should be made, and it was to be expected that the conditions He would assign should be such as tended to our spiritual good. Nor—for the reasons already sufficiently expounded when we were speaking of Temporal

offer a sacrifice able to take away sin—that is, His sacrifice could and did take away sin (vii. 11); His sacrifice (*ibid.* 27) needed only to be once offered, because it was so excellent (*i.e.*, so capable of entirely satisfying for sin); He Himself in this sacrifice was the victim as well as the priest (*ibid.*) and was so by the shedding of His Blood (ix. 11, 12), because *without shedding of blood there is no remission* (*ibid.* 22).

Punishment—can we conceive more appropriate conditions than those which required of us that we should make such satisfactions as may be possible to our limited powers and conducive to our spiritual good? Thus conceived of, the satisfactions with which temporal punishment is connected are by no means injurious to the all-sufficient atonement of our Lord Jesus Christ. Rather they redound to its praise, since it is the source from which they derive all their efficacy.

We come now to the last theological principle which underlies and justifies the practice of Indulgences. It is inconceivable that a vicarious repentance should be accepted by God as a disposition rendering possible the remission of the guilt of sin. If Paul has sinned and by his sin necessitated the withdrawal of sanctifying grace from his soul, no sorrow on the part of Peter, but only Paul's own personal sorrow and repentance, can obtain for him from the mercy of God a restoration of the lost grace, and of the Divine friendship to which it attaches. But it is different with the punishment of sin, or rather, let us say, with the reparation due to the Divine Justice for the offence given by sin. I prefer to put it in this latter way, because I think it conduces to clearness of conception. A man is guilty of treason against his native country. A severe punishment impends over him, the infliction of which, however, according to the custom of the place, is delayed for a period. Meanwhile an opportunity arises which enables him, at the risk of his life, to save his country from a fearful calamity. May we not be sure that the sentence outstanding against him would not be enforced? To have undergone the punishment of death would have been one way of atoning for his offence, and no doubt the first to be thought of. But to have rendered so great a service to his country was another and a better mode of atoning for it, and, this done, the offence would be held to have been completely purged. But further, if whilst the traitor was awaiting his punishment, one of his friends were to render to their common country a service such as that we have supposed, and then were to ask that what he had been enabled to do, at so great a cost to himself, might be accepted as an equivalent for the punishment due to his friend—is it inconceivable that the country might see its way, and be glad to see its way, to release and restore the condemned but now penitent prisoner?

The propriety of this mode of vicarious atonement is recognized then in the relations of men with men. Is it not equally becoming in the relations of men with God? Certainly

it is in one supreme case, for the acceptance on our behalf of the atonement made by our Lord Jesus Christ, the perfect Man, is just of that character. And if in Him it was the proof of a love for others, "greater (than which) no man can show," is it wonderful that, in the sphere of their humbler possibilities, the more generous of His followers should conceive it to be an exercise of a high form of charity to offer themselves as victims for the sins of others; and this not only by taking upon themselves—as we find from their lives that the saints have frequently done—definite penances for the sake of definite persons in whom they were interested, but, more generally—to use the words of one who was himself a great saint, as well as the prince of theologians—by "having the intention, that all they suffered or did for God, might avail not for themselves only, but for the whole Church." Now it is through reflection on this all-pervading fact of Christian hagiology that we reach that conception of a Treasury of the Church which came to be distinctly formulated as soon as the Scholastics began to systematize the teaching of the Fathers. First, our Blessed Lady, who was free from all debt of punishment, and then all that long line of saints and holy men and women, who led lives so innocent that their own debt of temporal punishment can have been but small, if any, have not so much prayed, and fasted, and given alms, spiritual and corporal, as spent all their days in deeds of penance and satisfaction, all animated with the most entire charity towards God and their neighbours. Is all this store to lie idle and unused whilst there are so many penitent souls too weak to discharge their own appalling spiritual debts? No, says St. Thomas, in his *Quaestiones Quodlibetales*, in the continuation of the passage already quoted from his pages.

All this treasure is at the dispensation of the chief rulers of the Church, inasmuch as our Lord gave the Keys of the Church to Peter. When then the utility or necessity of the Church requires it, the chief ruler of the Church can draw from this infinite store of merits to communicate to any one who through charity is a member of the Church, as much as he deems to be opportune, whether it be such as will suffice for the total remission of his punishment, or up to a certain portion of the whole; in such wise, namely, that the Passion of Christ [through whom alone the merits of the others have efficacy] and the other saints may be imparted to him just as if he himself had suffered what was necessary for the remission of his sin—as happens when one person satisfies for another.

S. F. S.

Giordano Bruno.

THE unhappy Giordano Bruno is certainly one of the strangest figures in literary history, but stranger still is the character with which of late years he has been invested. Had he not been burnt for heresy under sentence of the Inquisition, it is in the highest degree improbable that even his name would still be remembered. To his terrible fate alone does he owe his renown; as a monumental example of Papal intolerance and a martyr of freethought, he is discovered to have displayed qualities as a philosopher and man of science, of which it is not easy to find any evidence in his actual life or writings.¹

Those who most strongly condemn his treatment can hardly deny that, considering the times in which he lived, and the course which on all hands it was thought right to follow in order to stifle error, Bruno made it wellnigh impossible that he should ultimately escape some such catastrophe as actually overtook him.

In his fifteenth year Giordano, previously named Filippo, entered the Dominican Order at Naples, but, as it would appear, with little or no idea of the religious spirit. According to an admirer, he fell like a firebrand into the cloister. As he himself afterwards stated, by the time he was eighteen he had come to doubt or disbelieve the most fundamental doctrines of Christianity—the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Virgin Birth,² and Transubstantiation. His conduct and conversation aroused so much suspicion that on more than one occasion there was question of a formal inquiry as to his behaviour, but things never went so far, and at the age of twenty-four, 1572, he was ordained priest. Four years later, however, he was again threatened with a judicial investigation, which this time

¹ His Life and Philosophy are fully treated by Professor M'Intyre of Aberdeen (London, 1903), and by Christian Bartholmæss (Paris, 1846).

² Sometimes spoken of by English biographers as the "Immaculate Conception"

appeared so serious that he took to flight, quitting his convent and Order, and commencing the wandering existence which he led for the remainder of his life. He seemed indeed to be incapable of finding an abiding residence anywhere. For one thing, although he is styled by Professor Adamson in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* "the most genial," as well as interesting, of Italian Renaissance philosophers, he had a quite extraordinary faculty for making enemies, and bringing wasps' nests about his ears. He seemed, moreover, to be possessed by a spirit of restlessness, which would not suffer him to strike root in any soil. The cause of this was, according to Mr. Lewes,¹ that "he was troubled with convictions—things so impedimental to success!" It must, however, be confessed that it is very hard to discover what these convictions were, for the philosophy which he proclaimed is utterly beyond the comprehension of ordinary common sense. On one point, indeed, there could be no mistake; he was always unhesitatingly in opposition to the dominant authority, whatever this might be. This, however, does not afford much ground for a philosophical system, and, if we inquire further, we find that his teaching was a strange medley borrowed from very various sources. "He owed something to Lucretius, something to the Stoic nature-panteism, something to Anaxagoras, to Heraclitus, to the Pythagoreans, and to the Neo-platonists."² It has, moreover, to be acknowledged that "he was not very original; much of his Platonism, for instance, was part of the common stock of the Renaissance."³ The net result is that in spite of numerous recent efforts to exhibit his philosophy in the best light, it is quite impossible to determine what that philosophy was. What was Bruno? it is asked.⁴ "An atheist? a deist? a phenomenist? a materialist? an idealist? Strictly speaking he was none, and at the same time was all of these. That is to say, he maintained all these systems together, but could never determine which of them he favoured most, and which least." Accordingly even so partial a judge as Mr. Lewes declares⁵ that his philosophy "has only an historical, not an intrinsic value," and that "its condemnation is written

¹ *History of Philosophy* (Edit. 1880), ii. 101.

² Professor Adamson in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

³ *Quarterly Review*, October, 1902, p. 501.

⁴ L. Previti, S. J., *Brunomania*, p. 33.

⁵ *Op. cit.* p. 107.

in the fact of its neglect,"—for so little impression did it make, that the world long consigned it to complete oblivion, and for more than a century scarce a mention of its author is to be found, as when Burton in his *Anatomy* curtly labels him an atheist. Such was undoubtedly the idea which his confused and passionate utterances conveyed to his contemporaries, assisted no doubt by their turgidity and the extravagant vanity which they constantly displayed. Nor must it be forgotten that his writings were frequently characterized by exceedingly broad buffoonery and gross obscenity.¹

In the popular literature of the present day, Giordano's claim to honour is based chiefly on scientific grounds. He was, we constantly hear, an enlightened and ardent Copernican, and it was mainly on this account that he is supposed to have aroused the enmity of the Church, and so brought on his fate.

That he was a Copernican is unquestionable. He was one of the first to embrace and proclaim the heliocentric theory, and he was never weary of denouncing the old astronomy, in particular Aristotle, the prime object of his aversion. At the same time, there is no doubt that he adopted Copernicanism upon grounds which cannot possibly be styled scientific. Living before the epoch of Galileo and the telescope, he knew nothing of the discoveries which first afforded anything like serious evidence for the new system. He did not even profess to ground his belief in it upon observation, but upon purely speculative *à priori* arguments,² and he made it the basis of a whole system of philosophy of the same vague and nebulous character as the rest.

That the reader [says Dr. Whewell]³ may judge of the value of Bruno's speculations, I give the following propositions:

That the whole earth is habitable, both inside and outside, and that innumerable kinds of living things are included, both perceptible to our senses and imperceptible.

Besides the stars and the great worlds, there are smaller living creatures carried through the ethereal space, in the form of a small

¹ Professor M^cIntyre declares that "Bruno is not to be blamed for an obscenity which was *de rigueur* in the literature of the time." Dr. F. J. Clemens, on the other hand, is of opinion that in the matter of indecency Bruno surpasses even Pagan writers (*Giordano Bruno und Nicolaus von Cusa*).

² Brockhaus, *Konversations Lexikon*, Sub. nom.

³ *History of the Inductive Sciences*, vol. i. Additions.

sphere which has the aspect of a bright fire, and is by the vulgar regarded as a fiery beam.¹

There might certainly appear to be considerable excuse for those who declined to subscribe to stuff like this. In fact, however, as we shall see, it was not at Rome, but in England, that Bruno's Copernicanism got him into trouble.

Such were the main features of the doctrines to the propagation of which Giordano Bruno devoted his turbulent and restless career. Having quitted his convent, he wandered for a time amongst various cities of Italy, presently reaching Geneva, where he finally discarded the Dominican habit, and proposed to earn a livelihood as a corrector of the press. Soon, however, he fell foul of the authorities, insulting M. de la Faye, a leading light of the Academy, and styling the Church-ministers "pedagogues." For these misdemeanours he was excommunicated by the Consistory—which does not necessarily imply that he had actually professed Calvinism,—and was obliged to confess and beg pardon for his fault. He found it advisable in consequence to quit Geneva, warned probably by the fate of Servetus, for his opposition to Aristotle was there regarded as a species of heresy. Thence he went to Lyons, where he found he could not make a living, and accordingly proceeded to Toulouse, and, after a short stay there, to Paris. Here he found fame as a lecturer, and was offered a professorship in the University, which he would not accept as it was made a condition that he should attend Mass. Nevertheless, he gained the favour of the King, the worthless Henry III., whom he belauded in most fulsome strain, as a great and puissant monarch, conspicuous for religion, purity, and sanctity. As usual, however, he could not rest, and after a brief interval exchanged Paris for London (1583) with a letter of recommendation from King Henry to his Ambassador, Mauvissière, by whom he was most generously befriended. Of course, he paid his court to the Virgin Queen, who, he declared, from her cold clime near the Arctic circle, shed a bright light upon all the terrestrial globe.

But his desire was now to obtain a footing at Oxford, and he accordingly addressed to the University authorities an epistle, which thus opened :

To the most excellent the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford, its most famous Doctors and celebrated Masters,—Salutation

¹ Another proposition we will not attempt to translate : "Ut Mundorum Synodi in Universo et particulares Mundi in Synodis ordinentur."

from Philotheus Jordanus Brunus of Nola, Doctor of a more scientific theology, professor of a purer and less harmful learning, known in the chief universities of Europe, a philosopher approved and honourably received, a stranger only with the uncivilized and ignoble, an awakener of sleeping minds, tamer of presumptuous and obstinate ignorance, who in all respects professes a general love of man, and cares not for the Italian more than the Briton, for male more than female, for the mitre more than the crown, for the toga more than the coat of mail, for the cowed more than the uncowed,—but loves whoever in intercourse is the more peaceable, polite, friendly, and useful—whom only propagators of folly and hypocrites detest, whom the honourable and studious love, and noble minds applaud.

This would not seem to be a very hopeful mode of introducing himself, nevertheless he was allowed to give public lectures at Oxford on the Immortality of the Soul (attacking Aristotle) and the "Five-fold Sphere."

About the same time there arrived another visitor whose advent attracted greater attention. This was Albert Alasco, "Prince of Sirad," described by Anthony à Wood as "a most learned Polonian, who purposely came to England to do his devotions to and admire the wisdom of Queen Elizabeth." One of his family, in the time of Edward VI., from a Catholic Bishop had become a Protestant minister and for a time served a reformed congregation in London till the accession of Queen Mary induced him to fly. Albert himself, besides the possession of great estates, was credited with having held the chief command in forty pitched battles. The appearance of such a man excited extraordinary enthusiasm, and he was lionized on a magnificent scale. Amongst other things, he paid a visit to Oxford, where, besides a series of banquets and displays of fireworks, he "was entertained by the Oxford Muses" with Latin plays and scholastic disputations, which he is said greatly to have enjoyed. In one of these exercises Bruno took part—indeed, according to himself, quite the most distinguished part,¹ breaking a lance on behalf of Copernicanism, with the picked champion of the University on the other side—that of Aristotelian astronomy. Nothing, he tells us, could have been more signal than his triumph. His antagonist—who was a "pig"—was utterly floored by fifteen syllogisms, not one of which could he answer, and being reduced to the condition of "a chicken in stubble," could reply only by unmannerly abuse, while on the other hand,

¹ *La Cene de le Ceneri*, Dialogo quarto.

he himself, "the Neapolitan," by his forbearance and urbanity showed that he had been nurtured under a kindlier sky.¹

Unfortunately, no one else has left any record of this brilliant performance, à Wood and other chroniclers who mention various disputants who took place in this tourney, and presumably the poor wretch whom he so utterly routed,—never so much as mention the name of Bruno himself or allude to his achievements. In any case, the practical result of this exploit was to put a stop to his lectures, and connection with Oxford, of which, not unnaturally, he bore away a very poor opinion. The University, he declared to be but "the widow of true science;" the professors a constellation of dull pedants, with rings on their fingers, and purple gowns on their shoulders, whose ignorance, presumption, and rustic rudeness would have exhausted the patience of Job, and who knew more of beer than Greek; the students, boorish and dissipated youths, given to drunkenness, debauchery, and violence.²

He accordingly went back to London, his residence there being characterized by more literary activity than any other period, and the greater number of his works being then composed. He likewise made distinguished friends, notably Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Fulke Greville, Sir Edward Dyer, and Gabriel Harvey, who formed a close acquaintance with him and delighted in his company and conversation. But here again we have to rely entirely upon his own evidence, for neither these, his dear friends, nor any one else except himself, has left on record any mention even of his presence in England. Of the inhabitants in general he formed no better estimate than of the Oxonians; the Londoners he describes as boorish and rude in the extreme, and their city as offensive for its squalor, and beset with dangers from the violence continually and openly practised in its streets.

It was of course inevitable that this rolling stone should before very long be on the move once more, and other causes besides his native restlessness helped to set him in motion, for his freethinking utterances gave great offence. As Mr. Lewes

¹ As to this account Mr. Lewes rather superfluously observes: "There is considerable *forfanterie* about the Neapolitan, and such statements must be received with caution."

² It is melancholy to be obliged to add that the most learned Polonian to whom such honours were paid, afterwards made a moonlight flitting from our shores, leaving a mass of unpaid debts, and taking with him two alchemists, or magicians, who promised to supply him with gold by means of the philosopher's stone.

writes : " Even Elizabeth could not protect a heretic, and Bruno's audacious eloquence roused such opposition that he was forced to quit England."

He therefore returned to Paris, where he is said to have made some attempt to reconcile himself with the Church, but with no practical result. He, moreover, gave a course of lectures against the doctrines of Aristotle, which attracted great attention, but raised such an uproar that the place became too hot for him, and once more he was forced to travel. Betaking himself next to Marburg, he was allowed to matriculate in its University, but refused permission to lecture, whereupon he insulted the Rector in his own house, created a tumult, and generally so comported himself, that he found it advisable to migrate elsewhere. Proceeding to Würtemberg, he made it a point to extol Luther as " That Alcides, stronger than Hercules himself, who dragged up from its pit of darkness the three-headed Cerberus with its triple tiara." He also delivered an encomium of the Devil, though whether in jest or earnest is not easy to determine. His next visit, to Prague, seems to have been a failure, and to have created no sensation. His stay there, in consequence, was brief, and he betook himself to Helmstadt, where the Duke of Brunswick befriended him, and is said to have entrusted to him the education of his son. On the death of this patron, which occurred shortly after, Bruno delivered a panegyric of the deceased—the founder of the University—who, he declared, amongst other monsters, crushed

the head of the Gorgon, on which for hair grew venomous snakes, representing that monster of perverse papal tyranny which has tongues more numerous than the hairs of the head, each and all blasphemous against God, nature, and man, infecting the world with the rankest poison of ignorance and vice.

In the opinion of so admiring a biographer as Professor M'Intyre, it is well-nigh incredible that after speaking in this strain he should again have visited Italy. He had, moreover, already published these his sentiments, in the *Spaccio de la Bestia Trionfante*, the most celebrated of his works.

Bruno's stay at Helmstadt was not devoid of the troubles which usually attended him elsewhere. After the death of the Duke, he plunged into acrimonious quarrels with the various religious sects, his sarcasms procuring him multitudes of enemies, and he was finally excommunicated by the Lutheran pastor,

Boethius, as formerly by the Calvinists of Geneva. His next place of abode was Frankfort, where he lodged with the Carmelite Friars, who, with singular tolerance, gave him harbourage, and left him in peace, their Prior declaring him to be "a man of fine intellect and vast knowledge, but apparently of no religion whatever." As to the close of his stay at Frankfort there seems to be some mystery, for he departed in great haste in order to undertake the fatal journey to Venice. This was on the invitation of one Mocenigo, who, knowing that, amongst other things, Bruno professed to impart a valuable system of memory-training, expected magical results from his tuition. While making Venice his headquarters, he gave private lectures to the German students at Padua.

In no long time he had quarrelled furiously with Mocenigo, who declared his pretended art to be a fraud, and whom in return he treated with contempt and derision. Mocenigo, who seems to have been in truth a poor and spiteful creature, revenged himself by denouncing his guest to the Inquisition, declaring it a matter of conscience to do so in the case of a man of whose heretical opinions and scurrilous jests he was a witness. Bruno was accordingly apprehended, tried before the Venetian Inquisition, and after some delay transmitted to that of Rome, along with all his papers and the minutes of his examination. At Rome he was kept in prison for no less than seven years, a delay which certainly manifested no inordinate haste to proceed to extremities, and there is nothing to indicate why it was at length determined to do so. On February 8, 1600, however, he received sentence of death, making the famous reply, "Perchance ye utter my condemnation with more fear than I listen to it." On the 17th he perished at the stake.

One of the strangest circumstances of his strange history is the utter oblivion into which he at once lapsed, and which not even the awful tragedy of his death could disturb. Rome was at the time thronged with visitors from all parts of Christendom, pilgrims come to participate in the year of Jubilee. Yet by none of them has any mention been bequeathed to us of his fate, nor for many years does any published document supply the omission. That he actually *was* burnt there seems to be no doubt; nevertheless, in view of this extraordinary silence, it has been seriously maintained, and not by Catholic writers alone, that he was never burnt at all.

Two points alone require to be further noticed. Whatever

is to be said about such a method of dealing with such a man, it is quite clear that, considering the views then universally accepted, Giordano did all that was possible to secure for himself a violent end, either from Catholics or Protestants. Moreover, it is quite certain that, contrary to the belief now commonly entertained, it was not on account of his science, that is to say, his Copernicanism, that he suffered. As we have seen, he got into trouble at Oxford on this account, but before the Inquisition it was not even mentioned. He was condemned for apostasy, heresy, and breach of his vows; for teaching that Christ, as well as Moses, was a magician and deceiver; that He was not born of a Virgin; that He suffered by compulsion, against His will; that the Apostles were deceivers; that God is imperfect; that the Catholic Faith is a mass of insults to the Divine Majesty; and that all religions are false. As Professor De Morgan writes:¹ "He was burnt for as many heresies of opinion, religious and philosophical, as ever lit one fire;" and Dr. Whewell:² "Amongst the early Copernicans was the unfortunate Giordano Bruno of Nola, who was burnt at Rome as a heretic in 1600. The heresies which led to his unhappy fate were not, however, astronomical opinions."

It is asserted in reply to this, that we have no authentic information as to the offences for which Bruno was condemned, and a story is sometimes told how when Rome was in the hands of the Revolutionists in 1849, and the Archives of the Inquisition thus became accessible, it was discovered that the documents concerning both Galileo and Bruno had disappeared, having presumably been made away with to prevent the truth being known. This is manifestly a ridiculous fiction, for, in the first place, we have all the evidence regarding both. Confining ourselves to the case of Bruno, with which we are now dealing, this is the testimony of Mr. Lewes:³

We have the whole of the trial before the Inquisition circumstantially reported. There seems to have been no unfairness, and Bruno answered with singular frankness both as to his life and his opinions.

It is also to be observed that this was not the first time that the secrets of the Inquisition had been at the mercy of unfriendly investigators. From 1810 to 1814, Rome was in the

¹ *Companion to the British Almanack*, 1855.

² *History of the Inductive Sciences*, i.

³ *History of Philosophy*, ii.

hands of Napoleon's troops, and the Vicomte de Tournon, Prefect of the city during this period, has left on record an account of the Inquisition which differs widely from the idea usually entertained regarding it, and bears strong testimony to the evidence he found of the humanity and consideration with which its prisoners were treated.

It seems that we may fitly conclude with the words of Mr. G. H. Lewes, expressing the same opinion with which we began :

Bruno, like many other men, is better remembered for his death than for anything he did while living. The flames which consumed his body have embalmed his name.

J. G.

Wanted: a readable Bible.

The Bible is the worst-printed book in the world. No other monument of ancient or modern literature suffers the fate of being put before us in a form that makes it impossible, without strong effort and considerable training, to take in elements of literary structure which in all other books are conveyed directly to the eye in a manner impossible to mistake.

R. G. Moulton, in *The Literary Study of the Bible*, p. 45.

II.

LAST month we offered some considerations tending to show that one excellent way of promoting amongst English-speaking Catholics the reading of the Bible as a devotional exercise would be to provide them with a translation as accurate, as intelligible, and as free from literary blemishes as possible, and to edit and publish this version in a style worthy of the pre-eminently sacred character of the original revelation. After briefly pointing out that the current Catholic versions were in many ways defective, we touched on some of the causes of these defects,—the influence of the Vulgate affecting the quality of the English, the convenience of reference causing the chapter-and-verse arrangement, and the desire of cheapness compressing the whole Biblical literature into a single volume.¹ Then, in order the better to realize our shortcomings, we classified under four main heads the qualities that should mark the perfect edition. With regard to the first of these—that the

¹ We might have added the natural process of growth, change, and deterioration of language and the many revisions the versions have undergone at the hands of persons of unequal attainments and conflicting ideals. To the latter fact may be attributed the haphazard way in which Hebrew proper names are sometimes translated, sometimes only transliterated, sometimes left in Latin form. Two examples will suffice. St. Jerome renders *Elhanan* the son of *Jaare* (2 Kings xxi. 19) consistently enough as *Adeodatus, filius saltus*, but the hero appears in the Douay as *Adeodatus, the Son-of-the-Forest*. Again, Isaiah, in his lament over Moab (xvi. 11) cries, in our version :

Wherefore my bowels shall sound like a harp over Moab
And my inward parts for the *brick-wall*,

the last quaint phrase being a literal translation of the Vulgate, *murum cocti lateris*, properly the Moabite stronghold of Qir-Harès.

English should represent the meaning of the original with all possible correctness—it was maintained that such accuracy need not and should not conflict with the general character of the Bible as literature of the highest order, and that, therefore, the language used should be noble and elevated, not bald nor common nor colloquial,—a result, perhaps, most easily secured by retaining the archaic flavour of the Douay-Challoner rendering, wherever consistent with euphony and clearness. Since God has chosen to make His revelation in the form of literature, which may be defined to be the adequate expression of sublime thought, reverence and commonsense alike demand that we should recognize the fact in our translations if we wish to understand His message aright. A recent apologist for the Rheims version is, therefore, beside the mark in saying “the Holy Gospel has no need of the seduction of literary art to fulfil its sacred mission either in individual souls or in society.”¹ Of course, the divine message has no need of literary attractiveness to reach the souls of men, any more than the efficacy of the Divine Sacrifice depends upon the accessories of colour and form and sound and ceremony with which we embellish it, but what if God’s agents, in transmitting His message, did avail themselves of the various resources of literature? Are these not to be recognized in our translations? Are the Scriptures to be treated worse than the Pagan classics? In the latter case, literature is regarded and translated as literature. For instance, if, not knowing Greek, we wish to enter into the meaning of the *Antigone*, we turn without hesitation to Professor Jebb’s² rendering in preference to the schoolboy’s “crib.” Our only contention, then, is that Holy Writ should be reproduced in the form which God has given it.

¹ From the Preface of *The Four Gospels Harmonized*, &c., adapted from the French of Canon A. Weber, 1904.

² We are reminded, by the name of that fine scholar, of the contempt with which he regarded the plodding, literal, unliterary translation, the following specimens of which, as recorded in his *Life*, he was fond of quoting—“There is present for me to feel, the severe, the very severe, chill of a hostile public executioner,” (*Æschylus*) and, “This woman in the first instance merely quietly to drink and to eat dessert they tried to force, I should suppose” (*Demosthenes*). It is in similar form that the inspired lyricism of the Psalms is often presented to us. It was the exaggerated literalism of a certain prominent translator in Bohn’s Series that gave rise to the well-known epigram:

Euripides, when I behold
Your name with Buckley’s mated,
I pity Enoch, who of old
Died not but was translated.

However, as before remarked, we shall probably have to wait until the new revision of the Vulgate is completed before the revised translation, ordered in 1855 by the Second Council of Westminster, is taken formally in hand. But there seems no reason why we should delay to remedy the other defects complained of in our editions. Chief amongst these is the disregard of the distinction between prose and poetry, and the absence of such arrangements of printing and structure as the sense requires. The adoption of such appeals to the eye, and the banishment of all that serves to break the sense and distract the attention, formed the second of our requisites for a perfectly readable Bible. This is an even more crying want than the improvement of literary style, for, after all, our versions, however inelegant in parts, fulfil their main purpose in being substantially correct. But the fashion in which they are presented is, from the point of view of the devout reader, little short of deplorable. Considering with what apathy the Catholic public regards this state of affairs, we do not, we fear, need further proof that, in spite of the exhortation of the Holy Father, reading the Bible as a devotional exercise has not yet entered largely into our religious life. Yet there have been complaints and protests. The late Father Ethelred Taunton, we remember, raised the question some years ago in the *Catholic Times*. And the Rev. Francis Gigot, whose various "Introductions" to the study of the Old and New Testaments have done so much to spread the knowledge of the Bible, deploras, in a lecture on "The Bible as Literature," the injury inflicted on the sense of Holy Writ by the current methods of printing. And we cannot doubt that many others have felt, if they have not expressed, feelings of disgust and impatience at the ordinary arrangement of our texts. From time to time, indeed, attempts have been made, in regard to small portions of the Scriptures, to adopt a rational scheme of dividing the matter.¹ Still, it is to the Protestant Churches, to whom, theoretically at least, the Bible is all in all, that is due the first practical effort to break with the old irrational system. The Anglican Revised Version (N.T. 1881, O.T. 1885) has introduced extensive innova-

¹ We have already mentioned the C.T.S. *Gospels and Acts*, which does not break up the text into verses. Father Gigot likewise refers to *The Four Gospels: A New Translation*, &c., in which the narrative is divided into Parts, corresponding to definite periods of our Lord's life, and further into Paragraphs according to the sense. Brought out by Rev. Father A. Spencer, O.P., in 1898, this is a welcome step in the right direction.

tions in form, which will probably do much to secure its survival in the contest with the Authorized. It has rescued the continuity of the text from chapter-and-verse divisions, broken up the matter into paragraphs, printed obviously poetical passages in metrical form and distinguished quotations by italic type. More recently the Grolier Society has issued the Authorized Version in the same fashion with many further improvements in material production. But the chief credit is due to one man, Professor R. G. Moulton, M.A., of Cambridge and Chicago, who has worked for many years for the reform of Bible printing and arrangement. Some words on his labours in regard to the Protestant version may be helpful and suggestive to Catholics.

Filled with the conviction which he expressed in the passage quoted at the head of this article, he prepared the way for a remedy by publishing, in 1896, *The Literary Study of the Bible*, a work in which he made an exhaustive study of the various styles of literature contained in the Scriptures, and suggested a number of typographical devices by which those different forms could be represented to the eye. Nearly ten years later, he published in *The Modern Reader's Bible* (twenty-one volumes), the Revised Version with its text arranged throughout according to his principles of literary analysis. It cannot be doubted that for many readers these books were a real revelation of the beauty and power of Sacred Scripture and a valuable aid towards understanding it. At times the Professor's minute analysis may seem too fanciful and his employment of typographical resources excessive. He shows some tendency to make the form too prominent at the expense of the matter; still, it cannot be denied that he is on the right lines, and that true reverence and love for Holy Writ would dictate no other course than his. When a similar work under Catholic auspices is attempted, as we trust it speedily may, Professor Moulton's labours cannot be overlooked.

It may be well to state here that this proposed reform has nothing to do with the vexed questions of the Higher Criticism. We can take our Bible simply as it stands, not its own warrant or interpreter, but guaranteed as to inspiration and explained as to meaning by the Church. For devotional purposes that is the only fact that matters; dates, sources, authorship, &c., are all on a lower plane. It is the result with which we are concerned: the critics are busy mainly with the process. Deep critical research, indeed, is not necessary to discover in the

Scriptures that abundance and variety of composition that we have spoken of.

The Bible [says Professor Driver] is a "library," showing how men variously gifted by the Spirit of God cast the truth which they received into many different literary forms, as genius permitted or occasion demanded,—into poetry of various kinds, sometimes national, sometimes individual, sometimes even developing a truth in a form approaching that of the drama; into prophetic discourses, suggested mostly by some incident of the national life; into proverbs, prompted by the observation of life and manners; into laws, prescribing rules for the civil and religious government of the nation; into narratives sometimes relating to a distant or a nearer past, sometimes autobiographical; and (to include the New Testament) into letters designed in the first instance, to meet the needs of particular churches or individuals. It is probable that every form of literary composition known to the ancient Hebrews was utilized as a vehicle of divine truth.¹

The same fact has been expressed more recently and with greater clearness by Canon William Barry:

All the kinds of literature practised among Orientals of the Semitic branch are to be found in our Bible. It contains "old history" handled with freedom, legends and folklore, chronicles quoted and abridged, genealogies of peoples and settlements of races according to current views, anecdotes relating the qualities of heroic men, laws in every stage of growth and decay, proverbs, parables, apocalypses, poems, and speeches. It offers us biographies viewed under a religious light; apologues and meditative prayers; and in such books as Ecclesiasticus, Wisdom, St. Paul's Epistles, St. John's Gospel, the principles of a theology based on reflection.²

Now, bearing all this in mind, let us glance at our ordinary editions of the Bible. From Genesis to Apocalypse, there is a succession of narrow columns filled with short numbered sections, chapter following on chapter and book upon book, without even the break of a separate title-page, unless it be between the two Testaments. As far as appearance goes, it might all be one treatise on a single subject composed by the same hand in a uniform literary medium. And even if it were, what an uncalled-for tax would be put upon the intelligence of the reader by the meanness and monotony of its presentment. If we suppose a selection of English Literature to be thus translated and offered to the foreign student, we shall perhaps

¹ *Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament*, pp. xvi. xvii.

² *The Tradition of Scripture*, p. 236.

more readily appreciate how greatly we are handicapped in our endeavours to understand the Divine message. Imagine, then, a reader confronted with a series of selections from Cædmon and Alfred, Chaucer and Holinshed, the Elizabethan dramatists, Bacon, Clarendon, the Statutes at large, Macaulay, Carlyle, Newman, Scott, Keble, and Tennyson, all translated into French or German of a single period and printed as prose, or, rather, all chopped up into short numbered sections and grouped arbitrarily into chapters to the neglect of the natural and logical divisions of the matter, and finally, the whole sewed up in crowded double-columns and small type,—would such a scholar have the heart to pursue his studies? And, if he did, what would he make of them? Now, our case, when we take up our Bibles to seek light and consolation, is but little, if anything, better, and, if our powers of perception had not been blunted by long-continued use and wont, we should have long ago insisted on a remedy. But the truth is—we have known no better; we have never seen or tried to conceive the Scriptures rationally edited, and we do not desire what we do not know. Well, let us for example's sake take a few extracts from our Classics and treat them "Biblically." The following is part of a scene from *King John* in French garb:

1. Approchez: faites ce que je vous commande. O! sauvez-moi, Hubert, sauvez-moi.

2. Je me sens aveuglé rien qu'aux regards farouches de ces hommes sanguinaires.

3. Donnez-moi le fer, je le répète, et liez-le. Hélas! quel besoin de cette violence!

4. Je ne me débattrai point: je resterai immobile comme une pierre.

5. Pour l'amour du Ciel, Hubert, ne permettez pas que je sois lié.

6. Écoutez-moi, Hubert, je vous implore; chassez ces hommes.

7. Et je m'assiérai tranquille comme un agneau: je ne bougerai point.

8. Je ne reculerai pas; je ne dirai pas un mot ni regarderai le fer avec colère.

9. Mettez seulement ces hommes au dehors et je vous pardonnerai quelques tourments vous me fassiez souffrir.

10. Allez! Restez là-bas! laissez nous seuls. Rien ne me plaira plus que d'être loin de cette affaire.

Little of the poetry of this passage survives the bald translation, but the pathos is there, and would be felt even in the prose, if the sense were not broken and confused by the sections and the mingling of separate utterances. Yet it is in this way that the dramatic dialogues in the Song of Songs and in certain

portions of the Prophets, as well as the choral dialogues in many of the Psalms and Canticles, are presented to our intelligence. Again, how would Newman fare if we treated him as we treat St. Paul? Here is an extract from one of his sermons, *à la Douay* :

23. Though you cannot deny the claims of religion used as a vague and general term,

24. Yet how irksome, cold, uninteresting, uninviting, does it at best appear to you !

25. How severe its voice, how forbidding its aspect !

26. With what animation on the contrary do you enter into the mere pursuits of time and of the world !

27. What bright anticipations of joy and happiness flit before your eyes !

28. How you are struck and dazzled at the view of the prizes of this life, as they are called !

CHAPTER VIII.

1. How you admire the elegancies of art, the brilliance of wealth, or the force of intellect !

2. According to your opportunities you mix in the world, you meet and converse with persons of various conditions and pursuits.

&c.

What a rough and boulder-choked stream we have here instead of the easy flow of Newman's eloquence! Now, St. Paul was still more eloquent, though after another fashion, and he suffers even more from having the close-knit tissue of his thought cut up into a book of tailors'-patterns. Let us now see how the wisdom of Francis Bacon would look set forth as we read the "Wisdom of Solomon" :

1. Friendship maketh a fair day in the affections from storms and tempests ;

2. But it maketh daylight in the understanding, out of darkness and confusion of thoughts.

3. Neither is this to be understood only of faithful counsel, which a man receiveth from his friend.

4. But before you come to that, certain it is that whosoever hath his mind fraught with many thoughts,

5. His wits and understanding do clarify and break up in the communicating and discoursing with another.

6. He tosseth his thoughts more easily ; he marshalleth them more orderly ;

7. He seeth how they look when turned into words

8. Finally, he waxeth wiser than himself and that, more by an hour's discourse than by a day's meditation.

These specimens will perhaps suffice to bring home to us what obstacles to the due appreciation of the divine message are caused by our traditional printing arrangements. It may be

granted that the simple "paratactical" structure of Hebrew, which largely influenced the Greek of the New Testament as well, lends itself with less inconvenience to these divisions than does the "periodic" style of modern syntax. Still, by what they do, no less than by what they prevent, it is beyond question that the verse-sections, and to a less degree the chapter-divisions, often obscure what is plain and add darkness to what is obscure in Holy Writ.

We may turn now to consider more at length the advantages to be derived from their abolition and their replacement by a logical system. The first great reform that is called for is the distinguishing in print between poetry and prose. The Vulgate and our versions group the poetical books together, but make no attempt to show the difference in form. Happily, there is no need here to enter upon the obscure subject of Hebrew prosody, which is still the battle-ground of rival theories, for the facts agreed upon by all are enough to enable us to represent in English what belongs to the essence of these ancient verse-forms. In them we find neither rhyme nor metre, but only a certain symmetry of sentences, to which the name Parallelism has been given. The system has been admirably illustrated by Professor Moulton¹ by an extract from the 104th Psalm (vv. 8—15). If the second line in each couplet of the Psalm is omitted, the passage reads like a simple historical narrative, *e.g.*:

He hath remembered His covenant for ever, which He made to Abraham, and He appointed the same to Jacob for a law, saying: "To thee will I give the land of Chanaan." When they were but a small number and they passed from nation to nation, He suffered no man to hurt them [saying]: "Touch ye not mine anointed."

If we now restore the lines left out, we feel that the medium of expression is changed: there is a swing and a balance which transforms prose into poetry:

He hath remembered His covenant for ever,
 The word which He commanded to a thousand generations,
 Which He made to Abraham,
 And His oath to Isaac;
 And He appointed the same to Jacob for a law,
 And to Israel for an everlasting testament,
 Saying, "To thee will I give the land of Chanaan,
 The lot of your inheritance."

¹ *The Literary Study of the Bible*, p. 47.

When they were but a small number,
Yea, very few, and sojourners therein:
And they passed from nation to nation
And from one kingdom to another people,
He suffered no man to hurt them,
And He reproved Kings for their sakes.
"Touch ye not mine anointed
And do no evil to my prophets."

This simple principle of parallelism or antithesis may appear, as here, in its elementary form or may be elaborated into various combinations. There is also Parallelism of stanza or strophe, and Professor Moulton further enlarges on a "Higher Parallelism," that of Interpretation or Thought, into which as, like the Higher Criticism, it contains much that is merely subjective, it is not to our purpose to follow him.¹ The application of the system already established is quite enough to work a revolution in our appreciation of the poetry which permeates the whole Old Testament and appears in various canticles and quotations in the New. There is little difficulty in this application, for the method of printing used in the case of English poetry is available for Hebrew as well—similar lines, that is, should be similarly "indented" or printed in corresponding positions, and stanzas should be separated by spaces. Let the reader, with our ordinary Biblical printing-arrangements in sight or in mind, judge whether the following examples, printed as the subject-matter requires, are not in every way preferable. They are selected from various poetical books, and based for the most part on Professor Moulton's versions:

THE VISION OF ELIPHAZ (Job iv. 12—17)

Now there was a word spoken to me apart,
And mine ears, by stealth as it were, received the veins of its whisper.
In the horror of a vision by night,
When deep sleep is wont to hold mén,
Fear seized upon me, and trembling,
And all my bones were affrighted;
And the hair of my flesh stood up,
When a spirit passed before me.

¹ Those who wish to know what has been accomplished in this matter by Catholic scholars may be referred to *Le Livre d'Isaïe*, by Père Condamin, S.J., where they will find the entire Prophecy resolved into a series of poems in a short historical prose-setting, and the works of Father Zenner, S.J., on the structure of the Psalms.

There stood one whose countenance I knew not,
 An image before mine eyes.
 And I heard the voice
 As it were of a gentle wind—
 "Shall man be justified in comparison of God,
 Or shall a man be more pure than his maker?" . . .

THE OPENING CHAPTER OF ISAIAH

The vision of Isaiah, the son of Amos, which he saw concerning Juda and Jerusalem in the days of Oshias, Joathan, Achaz and Ezechias, Kings of Juda.

I.

(The Ingratitude of Israel.)

Hear, O ye heavens, and give ear, O earth !
 For the Lord has spoken—
 "I have brought up children and exalted them,
 But they have despised Me.

The ox knoweth his owner,
 And the ass his master's crib,
 But Israel hath not known me
 And my people have not understood !

Wo to the sinful nation !
 A people laden with iniquity,
 A wicked generation,
 Ungracious children.
 They have forsaken the Lord,
 They have blasphemed the Holy of Israel,
 They are gone away backwards."

A PREFATORY PSALM (Psalm i.)

Blessed is the man
 Who hath not walked in the counsel of the ungodly,
 Nor stood in the way of sinners,
 Nor sat in the chair of the scornful.

But his will is in the law of the Lord,
 And on his law he shall ponder day and night.

And he shall be like a tree,
 Which is planted near the running waters,
 Which shall bring forth its fruit in due season ;
 And his leaf shall not fall off,
 And all whatsoever he shall do shall prosper.

Not so the wicked, not so,
But like the dust,
Which the wind driveth from the face of the earth.
Therefore the wicked shall not rise again in judgment,
Nor sinners in the council of the just.

For the Lord knoweth the way of the just,
And the way of the wicked shall perish.

AN ANTHEM OF INAUGURATION (Psalm xxiii.)

1.—*At the foot of the Temple-hill*

FIRST CHOIR

The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof,
The world and all they that dwell therein,
For He hath founded it upon the seas
And hath prepared it upon the rivers,
Who shall ascend into the mountain of the Lord,
Or who shall stand in His Holy Place?

SECOND CHOIR

The innocent in hands and clean of heart,
Who hath not taken his soul in vain,
Nor sworn deceitfully to his neighbour.
He shall receive a blessing from the Lord
And mercy from God, his Saviour.
This is the generation of them that seek Him,
Of them that seek the face of the God of Jacob.

2.—*Before the Temple Gates*

FIRST CHOIR

Raise ye your lintels,¹ O ye Gates,
And be ye lifted up, O eternal Portals
And the King of Glory shall enter in.

SECOND CHOIR

Who is this King of Glory?

FIRST CHOIR

The Lord, who is mighty and strong.
The Lord, mighty in battle!

¹ *lintels*=heads in the Hebrew, taken metaphorically by LXX. as *princes*.

FIRST CHOIR

Raise ye your lintels, O ye Gates,
And be ye lifted up, O eternal Portals,
And the King of Glory shall enter in.

SECOND CHOIR

Who is this King of Glory?¹

FIRST CHOIR

The Lord of Hosts!
He is the King of Glory!

WISDOM SONNET (Proverbs xxx. 24—28)

"Little and Wise"

There are four very little things of the earth
And they are wiser than the wise:
The Ants, a feeble people,
Which provide themselves food in the harvest:
The Rabbit a weak people,
Which maketh its bed in the rock:
The Locust hath no king,
Yet they all go out by their bands:
The Lizard supporteth itself on hands,
And dwelleth in King's houses.

We need not, we hope, add further instances in proof of what is sufficiently obvious *à priori*, even in our relatively inferior versions, viz., that poetry printed as poetry is more readable and intelligible than poetry printed as prose and further obscured by a variety of unnatural interruptions. Whether different varieties of poems should have titles given to them in accord with their character and contents, as, *e.g.*, *An Ode*: "The Messiah" (Ps. ii), *A dramatic lyric* (Ps. vi.), *An Ode*: "The Thunderstorm" (Ps. xxviii.), *An Elegy* (Ps. xliii.), *Doom-songs* (In Isaiah and Jeremiah), *The Rhapsody* of "Zion Redeemed" (Isaiah xl.—lxvi.), *Epigram*, "Unjust Wrath" (Ecclus. i. 22—24), &c., is a question of lesser moment, provided their poetical nature is really recognized.

Biblical prose has its varieties as well as poetry—History, (Primitive, Constitutional, Ecclesiastical), Epic, Oratory, Essay-writing, Letters, Parables—although they do not generally

¹ This question and the answer to it are actually a single verse in our Psalter!

admit of variety in the method of printing. It is an aid to clearness, however, as well as a preventive of monotony, to distinguish typographically the prologues and epilogues of books, quotations, digressions, and, in the Gospels, the sacred words of our Lord Himself.¹ But since the prose of the Bible, as we have seen, suffers even more than the poetry from the illogical and arbitrary chapter-and-verse divisions, this, after the distinction between these two main kinds of literature, is the reform most urgently needed. The "verses" should give place to paragraphs of length corresponding to the sense: the chapters or larger divisions should embrace compositions more or less complete. For instance, the first eleven chapters of Genesis deal with the Beginnings of the World, the remaining thirty-nine with the history of the Patriarchs. Here are two main sections, each further divisible into distinct narratives, the Creation, the Temptation, the story of Abraham, &c.—divisions familiar enough to us from our Bible Histories, which shows that they are necessary for clearness. In the same way, the arrangements of Gospel Harmonies indicate how the matter of our Lord's life should be set forth in each Evangelist with, as far as possible, its appropriate setting of date and place. We need not linger to point out how the Apocalypse would gain in beauty and intelligibility if it were presented as a series of Seven Visions with Prologue and Epilogue, or the Epistles, if they were printed according to their character as sermons, letters, moral treatises or essays, with introductions and conclusions detached from the text, titles, and sub-headings, &c. Limits of space compel us to turn to our two final requisites for a perfect edition of Scripture, which happily admit of a very brief treatment.

The first of these is that difficulties of whatever kind should be, as far as possible, explained or honestly noted as at present inexplicable. The Church has always rightly insisted, that no vernacular versions should be issued without such explanations. So far is the Bible from being, as Protestants aver, its own interpreter, that at times pages of comment will hardly elucidate a line of text. This ancient, mainly Oriental, literature, depicting a state of things so remote from current modes of life and thought, is a constant trap to the unwary and over-confident, as we may learn at many suburban street-

¹ A recent Anglican publication, the "*Verba Christi*" Testament, has the words of our Lord printed in red.

corners on Sunday evenings. But, as our object is to secure an edition of the Scriptures for purposes of devotion rather than for study, we have no wish to see the text interrupted or the page cramped by a large number of notes. Happily, many present difficulties may be trusted to disappear when our translation has been revised.¹ Others, too, mainly linguistic, will be removed by the process of competent editing which we have been advocating. And, if each separate book is provided with an Introduction, explaining its historical outlook and circumstances, a host of others will be anticipated. There will remain many, whether doctrinal, ethical, scientific, or historical, demanding comment; but for the devout reader no great space need be taken up in dealing with them. It can hardly be claimed that the notes in our current versions are altogether satisfactory. Some of them survive from the original Douay and represent the scholarship of three centuries ago. Others are merely obvious moral reflections which might have been left to the reader's own spiritual discernment, others again are inadequate as explanations, and an unsatisfactory explanation, purporting to be a full one, is worse than none at all. Many grave difficulties pass unnoticed, and of others only one explanation is given, although they admit of several. Now-a-days, when we have such full and excellent commentaries on Scripture² from the Catholic standpoint, it should easily be possible to select notes to fulfil all requirements.

Our fourth requisite—that the material equipment of the Book should be worthy of its contents—would hardly need more than stating, were it not that publishers have generally striven to recommend their various issues of Holy Writ by appeals to the cheapness rather than to the intrinsic value of the volumes. Now cheap sales, in this work-a-day world, mean cheap production. No firm, unless subsidized for the purpose, sells its books at a loss. So that if we pick up a New Testament for sixpence, or a complete Bible for a few shillings, we may be sure that they are worth, materially, rather less. It was far otherwise when Bibles were written by hand; no pains

¹ For some striking instances of mistranslation, see *Alleged Difficulties of Holy Scripture*. C.T.S. 3d.

² The various school-editions of Gospels and Acts, published by the C.T.S., Messrs. Burns and Oates, and Kegan Paul and Co., may be instanced, for the N.T., as well as Father Joseph Rickaby's illuminating *Notes on St. Paul*, which we trust will one day be completed.

were considered excessive to embellish them worthily, as the exquisitely illuminated manuscripts still extant testify. But printing, which has done so much for the diffusion of God's Word, has also operated to degrade its appearance. The immense improvement in mechanical skill has been in the main directed, not to the production of more finely-equipped Bibles, but to the multiplication of cheap and yet cheaper editions. Now, we are not pleading for *éditions-de-luxe*. We know there are Catholic Bibles of that character—sumptuous quartos, fine octavos, clearly printed on excellent paper, well-bound, and tastefully illustrated, albeit all marred by the defects of editing above-noticed. But we want an edition of the Scriptures, the first recommendation of which shall *not* be extreme cheapness, but which shall be an honest attempt to treat God's Word with the respect that is due to it, according to the best methods now available and at a proportionate price. Enough is known about the cost of modern book-production to convince us that such price can be kept within reasonable limits; in any case, a Catholic, who really reverences the Scriptures, should be ready to pay handsomely for an edition wherein that reverence is adequately expressed. The Bible and Shakespeare are supposed to be the chief literary assets of the English-speaking world. Do we think Shakespeare the more worthy of the two of our patronage? Yet publishers find their profit in issuing his works with ever-increasing care and magnificence, whilst God's Word is left by Catholics in a state quite comparable to that of the First Folio. We say, by Catholics, having in view Professor Moulton's edition previously mentioned, and the later issue, by the Grolier Society, of the Authorized Version in fourteen large octavo volumes, which embody many of the reforms above advocated, being beautifully printed with a continuous text. The Professor's twenty-one volumes, however excellently arranged, are much inferior in type and paper. We want something to combine the good qualities of both. It is clear that, if double columns are to be banished, print made easily readable, poetry printed as poetry, paragraphs employed in dialogues and elsewhere, introductions and notes provided, liberal spacing and broad margins used, and all the other typographical embellishments, comprised in the term "good printing," our "readable Bible" will run into many volumes, perhaps a dozen. We are prepared to be told that, even granting due authorization and competent editing, indispensable

prerequisites, no Catholic publisher would embark on such a venture on account of the consequent depreciation to his stock of stereotyped Douay Testaments. We answer that due authorization may reasonably be expected, in view of the earnest desires of the Holy Father for the spread of Bible-reading, and that there is no lack of competent editors amongst our English Catholic scholars. And, in answer to the old plea of vested interests, we may point out that there will still be a market for the single volume chapter-and-verse Bible: with all its defects, the student and preacher must still employ it, and its cheapness will recommend it as a book for reference or for distribution. We should further suggest that, if the undertaking is felt to be too great for a single firm, our Catholic publishers should combine to issue the work jointly. It concerns the whole English-speaking Catholic world, and the demand for it, once aroused, would be universal. The risk in any case need not be very large if a beginning were made, as at Rheims in 1582, with the issue of the New Testament, say, in four volumes—SS. Matthew and Mark, SS. Luke and John, St. Paul's Epistles and the Acts, General Epistles and Apocalypse. We cannot think that Catholics, who are ready enough to buy fine editions of *The Imitation* and the *Fioretti*, would refuse to purchase a worthy issue of the Book to which these owe all their unction. Desire may be dormant, because there seems no prospect of supply, but we are convinced that the edition of a readable Bible, such as we have endeavoured to describe, would redound not only to the glory of God and the profit of the purchaser, but also to the credit and profit of all concerned with its issue.

J. K.

The "Arcadia" in the Twentieth Century.

THOSE who know Italy well are aware that she has ever been celebrated for her Academies. When the learned society, founded by Pomponius Laetus at the end of the fifteenth century, and numbering amongst its members Platina, the Cardinals Bembo and Sadoletto, Paolo Giovio and Castiglione, became extinct in consequence of the sack of Rome, there was a lull in literary activity, but after this partial extinction they sprang up again in greater numbers than before.

The most renowned of these, the Academy of the Arcadians, has existed without intermission for more than two hundred years. Like the Académie Française, and our own Royal Society, the Arcadia owes its origin to the private gatherings of a few learned men long before it became a public institution. But unlike these two societies it had a woman, Queen Christina of Sweden, for its first promoter. At the opening of the last century, Eustace, in his *Classical Tour*, writes :

The Arcadian Academy is known to be one of the principal societies in Rome, instituted towards the end of the seventeenth century for the promotion of classical knowledge, and composed of some of the first scholars of that Capital, and indeed in all Europe.

One of its principal objects was to correct the bad taste then prevalent, and to turn the attention of youth from the glare, conceit, and over-refinement of false, to the ease and unaffected grace of true wit. Let us see whether it has fulfilled its object.

The learned members took their name from a people celebrated for the simplicity of their manners, and, as the love of rural scenery is inseparable from true taste, they chose a grove for the place of their assembly, and gave it the name of Parrhasian, and "The Bosco Parrasio" is situated on the side of the Janiculum.

The author of *Curiosities of Literature*, in commenting on the titles of these Academies, which appear to us far-fetched

and calculated to put them in a ridiculous light, leans to the opinion that they may have been thus chosen in order to disarm the distrust of Governments, always suspicious of gatherings of their people, the reason of which was not quite simple.

If two great nations [he writes] like those of England and France had their suspicions and fears aroused by a select assembly of philosophical men, and either put them down by force or closely watched them, then it will not seem extraordinary in little despotic States.

But in spite of this excuse the Academies of the Crusca and of the Arcadia come in for a full measure of D'Israeli's satire.

The famous Florentine Academy of La Crusca [he writes] amidst their grave labours to sift and purify their language, threw themselves headlong into this vortex of folly. Their title, the Academy of "Bran," was a conceit to indicate their art of sifting: but it required an Italian prodigality of conceit to have induced these grave scholars to exhibit themselves in the burlesque scenery of a pantomimical Academy, for their furniture consists of a mill and a bakehouse; a pulpit for the orator is a hopper, while the learned director sits on a mill-stone; the other seats have the forms of a miller's dossers, or great panniers, and the backs consist of the long shovels used in ovens. The table is a baker's kneading trough, and the Academician who reads has half his body thrust out of a great bolting sack, with I know not what else for their inkstands and portfolios. But the most celebrated of these Academies is that "degli Arcadi," at Rome, who are still carrying on their pretensions much higher. Whoever aspires to be aggregated to these Arcadian shepherds receives a pastoral name and a title, but not the deeds, of a farm picked out of a map of the ancient Arcadia, or its environs; for Arcadia itself soon became too small a possession for these partitioners of moonshine. Their laws modelled by the twelve tables of the ancient Romans; their language in the venerable majesty of their renowned ancestors; and this erudite democracy, dating by the Grecian Olympiads which Crescimbeni, their first Custode or guardian, most painfully adjusted to the vulgar era, were designed that the sacred erudition of antiquity might for ever be present among these shepherds.

Still, even he is forced to admit that "this ridiculous society of the Arcadians became a memorable literary institution, and Tiraboschi has shown how it successfully arrested the bad taste which was then prevailing throughout Italy."

Since that memorable date for Rome, the year 1870, the Academy of the Arcadia has ceased to hold its sittings in the library of the Capitol. The unique and venerable survivor of

the many learned literary societies, the *Alma Mater* of fifty-eight colonies (one in Austria, at Goritz, and one in France, at Marseilles, yet existing), is now established in the Corso, beneath the shadow of the church dedicated to S. Carlo Borromeo.

On ascending the staircase we enter the lecture-hall. All the lectures, including those on mediæval and Roman history, Italian and foreign literature, are open to the public. The conferences on the *Divina Commedia* are given by the President, and on archaeology by Signor Marucchi.

The laws drawn up by Gravina for the society he assisted Crescimbeni to found, are inscribed in archaic Latin on the walls. Above them is seen the emblem of the Academy, which appears frequently in the frontispieces of eighteenth century works—the pipe of Pan, with a laurel and pine branch crossed, with two pastoral crooks.

Here, in this hall, the special assemblies or *Tornate Straordinarie* take place.

At one of these meetings Pius X. was elected Pastor Maximus, receiving the name borne by the learned Benedict XIV., Teofilo Elladiense. His bust, the work and gift of an Arcadian sculptor, was placed above the platform, before which were ranged Louis Quinze armchairs in crimson and gold, reserved for members of the Curia, the diplomatic corps, and other distinguished personages. Conspicuous among these was the Cardinal whose office it had been to utter from the loggia of St. Peter's the historic words: "*Annuntio vobis gaudium magnum. Habemus Pontificem.*"

The President, or Custode, wearing on this occasion the purple robes of a Papal Chamberlain, and the badge of Arcadia, after commemorating the Popes from the time of Innocent XIII. to Leo XIII. who had filled the office of "*Pastori Massimi*" proposed Pius X. by acclamation. Whereupon not only the "*Ceto Accademico*," but the entire audience, rose and broke into enthusiastic applause. Then followed the election of eight Cardinals, one of these being the then newly-appointed Secretary of State, Cardinal Merry del Val.

Some of the Academicians recited various poems composed for the occasion. A carmen in Latin, followed by a Spanish ode, opened the programme, which was brought to a close by some lines written by the President and set to music, entitled, "*The Gondola of Pius X.*"

Christmas has also a *Tornata Solenne* for the Arcadians. The first law of Arcadia is: *Penes commune summa potestas esto*. In its infancy the society chose the Infant Christ as its "Protector," showing in this way its enthusiastic simplicity, and now when its *Canto Pastorale* is sung, English people are reminded of the Hymn to the Nativity written by the poet Milton, who, like Spenser, was a disciple of the Tuscan School.

The late Pope, when Cardinal Pecci, himself recited a poem during the *Tornata della Passione del Signore*. This ceremony remains apparently quite unchanged since the early days of the society, and takes place on Good Friday, but no longer in the Bibliotheca Capitolina. And here, too, remembrance comes to lay her flowers on the altar of Arcadia, for Petrarch, the poet, whom his country inspired even more than did his Laura, received a commemoration on the recurrence of his centenary, and so did the more obscure, though well-known, Silvio Pellico, on the occasion when the lecturer happened to be the son of one of his personal friends.

But let us walk round the hall and glance rapidly at the portraits to be seen here and in the adjoining room. Here are the portraits of the great linguists, Cardinal Mezzofanti, Cardinal Mai, and Cardinal Pacca. This last-mentioned ecclesiastic is remembered as having accompanied the unfortunate Pius VII. on his journey into exile, when a few sous formed the total sum of their slender resources. Here also by rights there should be a portrait of Cardinal Consalvi, who was this Pope's faithful friend and Minister, and who bequeathed 27,000 scudi for the tomb erected to his memory in St. Peter's, the last resting-place of so many great men.

Cardinal Consalvi should be especially remembered by English people, for Henry, Duke of York, who was made a Cardinal, showed him great favour when only a young seminarist at Frascati. This was the reason of the strong sympathy he afterwards evinced for English people; his memoirs would be of very great interest at this present time also to French Catholics, containing as they do an account of the Concordat which for so many years has kept the Church and State in comparative tranquillity. But to return to Arcadia.

It was in the time when Cardinal Consalvi was Minister, that an Italian writer, Silvagni, tells us that the society had grown to be a real power in the State. But it had its prejudices, and at this time was bent upon excluding a certain young lady named

Emerenziana. We are told that she was possessed of such a peculiarly tenacious and encroaching disposition, that the Cardinal was compelled to solicit the good offices of an influential Arcadian, Prince Ruspoli, to quell the strife that convulsed the ruffled sheep-fold, by procuring her admittance into the Academy.

But Arcadia could boast of better members, and even possessed a saint. If you enter the third room of the Academy, which is often used for small conferences, you will find his portrait. His name is Cardinal Tommaso, beatified after his death in 1713, and he now lies buried in the Church of San Martino ai Monti. In this room may also be seen the portraits of Pope Leo XIII. and of one of the Grand Masters of the Knights of Malta.

The history of Arcadia is, however, so intimately connected with its foundress, Queen Christina of Sweden, that we must hasten on to visit her picture. It represents a fair, florid personage with flowing hair, and attired in the fantastic dress of the period, half concealed by a royal mantle.

This portrait recalls to our memory the fatherless child-Queen, the eager student wielding a sceptre over a bellicose and semi-barbarous nation, where for ten years she remained in splendid isolation, but exhibiting a virile force and a sagacity that excited, first the astonishment, and then later the admiration of her statesmen. Nor can we forget how, when the venerable Count Brahe resolutely declined to remove the crown his own hands had placed on her brow, she divested herself of her royal diadem to lay it, together with her sceptre, at the feet of Our Lady of Loreto.

Then we can mentally see her hastening to Rome, the Eternal City, encountering perhaps some devout pilgrim band who, on the first glimpse of the desired end of their journey, would burst out singing, as was their wont, the hymn—

O Roma nobilis, orbis et domina,
Cunctarum urbium excellentissima,
Roseo martyrum sanguine rubea,
Albis et virginum liliis candida,
Salutem dicimus tibi per omnia,
Te benedicimus; salve per saecula.

We hope that all her wishes were fulfilled when she took up her abode in the Riario, now the Corsini Palace, enriched by memories of the many noble and learned beings who, at some

time or other, had ascended its marble stairs. Michael Angelo, indeed, passed a whole year in it, and there he must have dreamt his great art dreams; and there too at some time came the scholarly Erasmus, who, like Queen Christina, loved this city.

"Rome," he wrote to the generous-minded Cardinal Sadoletto, "was not alone the shrine of the Christian Faith, the nurse of noble souls, the abode of the muses, the mother of nations, but to how many more was she not dearer, sweeter, and more precious than their own native land."

And we cannot help wondering how many, possessed with that mysterious, indefinable "longing" for Rome (of which longing Procopius writes as filling those living in the sixth century), must have walked and mused beneath the ilex in the palace garden, for whose preservation Queen Margarita pleaded in vain.

Our English Bishop Burnet must have come here when he waited on the Queen of Sweden in Rome, as he tells us, on which occasion she, when talking of Cromwell, complained to him of the English as being a factious nation, that did not readily comply with the commands of their own princes.

Now she set herself, in this year of grace 1680, to mould Arcadia according to her ideas. A society which had Guidi, Filicaia, and Gravina for its first members, should be devoted to the discussion of literary and political subjects. She, who had seen everything, read everything, and knew everything, employed her learning and influence, and especially her keen literary taste, in trying to restrain the redundant style of the literature of that date in Italy. Thus was Arcadia born, though it was not fully fledged till after she had passed away. When it was inaugurated, and the fourteen founders had each taken their pastoral names and assumed possession of their mythical estates in some classical region of Greece, the grateful poets, who had so long formed part of her literary court, enrolled their beloved Queen as an Arcadian, and they acclaimed her under her new name of Basilissa.

Before she came to Rome Queen Christina had already founded in her own country the order of the Amaranth, a society in which she had been greatly interested, but as De Brosse tells us it was to Rome, the city of her great love, and to the Vatican Library that she left her vast collection of manuscripts together with a great number of books.

No wonder that Innocent XIII. erected a tomb to her memory in St. Peter's, and that her portrait hangs in the Arcadian hall, but even here she is in the company of her equals, for a great benefactor to Arcadia, King John V. of Portugal, hangs beside her. He did more than countenance the society, he gave to it in 1726 the beautiful villa afterwards called "The Bosco Parrasio," so that it has indeed been cradled by kings.

But we have not yet done with the portraits. Leaving the room where hang the royal benefactors, including Gustavus III. of Sweden, we find a long series of portraits of the *Custodi Generali*, or presidents of Arcadia, from Crescimbeni, with his accentuated nose, to the last *Custode*.

Arcadia has besides a real picture gallery, which opens out of this room. It might be wearisome to enumerate at length the names of all the portraits worthy of being mentioned in this interesting collection. Alas, many serve only to show us, as Marcus Aurelius says, "How many famous men are dropped out of history and forgotten." It forms, however, a pleasant surprise for our English eyes to find here Sir Isaac Newton, of whom Malebranche was wont to say that "he had mounted to the top of the tower, and had taken the ladder up with him." Opposite to him is Rolli, the translator of Milton's poems. Near him the historian Muratori (1672—1750), whose works constitute a "vast and well-disposed library." De Brosse relates how he found the aged writer, with only one or two white hairs on his head, at work in an icy gallery at Modena surrounded with ancient manuscripts. Here, too, is Tiraboschi, who wrote the exhaustive history of Italian literature, and we pass by Gravina, and Alfieri, who on April 3, 1788, read his *Saul* to the assembled Arcadians before publishing it, and as we hurry on we note the names of Goldoni, Monti, Leopardi, and Cantii. But we must close our list of men with De Rossi, the great modern Christian archæologist of the catacombs.

Let us now look at the gentler sex surrounded by these grave writers and historians whose names live in their works. We see the portrait of the celebrated Corilla Olympica, in much favour with her illustrious patronesses, Catherine II. of Russia, and the Empress Maria Theresa of Austria. Corilla was a phenomenal genius, and had dealings with half the royal personages in Europe.

The reputation of Donna Maria Maddalena Morelli

Fernandez—for that was Corilla's name in society—was already great when she appeared in Rome, yet the centre of the world's intellectual life and its *litterati* hastened on the tip-toe of expectation to listen to her extempore poetry in Arcadia. We must conclude that they were not disappointed, for we are told that her violinist found it taxed his powers to the uttermost to keep pace with the "rushing harmonies" of the improvisatrice's eloquence. On February 16, 1775, she was crowned in Arcadia, and but one other woman has shared this honour with her. On Sunday, August 31, 1776, she was crowned in the Capitol itself, a ceremony ennobled by the names of Petrarch and Tasso. The great Consular saloon was beautifully decorated and illuminated by the city architect for this occasion. We read that two platforms were erected, one for the solemn act of crowning by the hands of the *Conservatori*, and one for the orchestra, which played a symphony, whilst guns were fired outside, so the crowning of Corilla Olympica was not done in a half-hearted manner.

This truly astonishing person, besides improvising on two subjects, selected for her at the moment, also recited "The Praises of Rome."

Nor was she crowned before being proven, for her learning had been previously tested by no less than twelve examiners, amongst whom were Saliceti, the Pope's physician, and the learned Chaldean, author of the *Bibliotheca Orientalis*, and the librarian of the Vatican Library. The examination included every branch of religion, law, literature, and the fine arts! Afterwards the *Custode Generale* passed on to the Roman Senate a formal certificate of the successful examination.

One of our own royal princes came in from Marino, braving the fierce heat of the Campagna on this August afternoon with his host, Prince Lorenzo Colonna, on purpose to listen to the Capitoline Sybil. This prince was the Duke of Gloucester, son of George II. and brother to George III., whose wife, the beautiful Countess of Waldegrave, had lately given him a son, born in Rome.

Corilla having left no writings we cannot judge of her excellence. This is unfortunate, but indirectly posterity owes something to her. This ovation on the Capitol without doubt suggested to her sister in Arcadia, Madame de Stael, the literary triumph of "Corinne," a situation which forms one of the most brilliant scenes in her romance on Italy.

"Corinne," we all know, was intended for Madame de Stael herself, yet certain expressions employed by her apply rather to Corilla than to its authoress.

It was as true of Corilla as of "Corinne" that little was known of her origin; that she was "*une divinité entourée de nuages*." Corilla's beauty was responsible for the tide of antagonism which set in against her at the summit of her success. Rome, at that time, was "rampant with gossip," and she had captivated Prince Gonzaga, a youthful descendant of that most interesting personality in the Renaissance, Isabella d'Este. It was said that the prince had defrayed all the expenses attending the gorgeous ceremony on the Capitol. It is certainly true that he called her the "tenth muse," and did not conceal his devotion for her. A war of words followed, and Signor Pizzi, the poor *Custode*, cried at length in despair that Corilla's crown had been for him one of thorns. *Tantaene animis coelestibus irae!*

The room containing the archives of Arcadia opens out from the library. In one of the volumes set apart for inscribing the names of members, we find this interesting entry: "S. A. R. Principe Augusto Figlio di S. M. Britannico." This was the Duke of Sussex, son of George III., who was married in Rome, on April 4, 1793, to Lady Augusta Murray. Her father perished before her birth on the scaffold, having espoused the Jacobite cause. It is said, whether true or not we cannot say, that she was obliged to wear a ribbon or ornament around her neck to conceal the mark of the axe with which she was born. The Duke of Sussex was admitted into Arcadia by the Abate Goddard, under the name of Sebaste Tegeo.

But to be admitted an Arcadian was not always to be one for life, for in his Italian journey, Goethe tells us that he had been made an Arcadian in 1788, but his name we find was afterwards cancelled by the vote of the *Ceto universale*.

Buffon, Poussin, Madame de Stael, Ampère, Frederic Ozanam, Montalembert, all were Arcadians, and so was Chateaubriand. But it is not so certain that the French girl, Pauline de Montmorin, who shared his labours whilst writing *Le Genie du Christianisme*, also shared his Arcadian honours. Her tomb is in the first chapel on the left as one enters the Church of S. Luigi dei Francesi. The epitaph records how she faded away, after having seen all her family perish on the scaffold during the Revolution, her father, her mother, her two brothers,

and her sister. Chateaubriand's own sister, Lucile, had much the same story though she never visited Rome. Did Pauline find Chateaubriand's words true, we wonder? "*C'est une belle chose que Rome pour tout oublier, pour mépriser tout et pour mourir.*" Let us hope that she did, and that Chateaubriand was thinking of her when he wrote them.

The University of Bologna was famous for its female students. The daughter of the learned lawyer, Giovanni Andreas, Novella, lectured to her father's scholars, placed behind a little curtain, that her charms might not distract them. It has given at least three learned ladies to Arcadia. Laura Bassi, professor of philosophy (1711—1778) married to the physician Venuti, Gaetana Agnesi, professor of mathematics, and Clotilde Tambroni, professor of Greek, which this kind woman learned to teach a brother. She also supported her own aged professor, thus blending learning and charity.

In the Casanatense Library there is a picture of an ecclesiastic, painted by a Dominican nun, Anna Villoria Dolores, in Arcadia, Aorinda Carisia.

We must not leave the famous ladies without mentioning what will interest Englishwomen, that the membership of Mrs. Hamilton Ramsay, whose death occurred in 1902, was of longer duration than that of any other member. She translated the entire *Divina Commedia* into English verse, and many will not have forgotten her article in *Blackwood's Magazine* of the June of that year entitled, "Roman Reminiscences of nearly half a century ago." Her academical name was Elvira Meonia.

On a recent occasion the Queen of Greece graciously deigned to accept the insignia of the Arcadia, and the author of *Quo Vadis* was also elected by acclamation. Let us before we leave wander for a few moments in the garden of Arcadia, on the Janiculum, the gift of King John V. of Portugal.

As we walk in its beautiful alleys we remember that Metastasio and Perfetti, who here first made known their poems to the public, also found these paths embellished with stately trees beneath which thickets of roses and tangled masses of maiden-hair fern grow luxuriously, and it is this paradise which forms the scene of the most typical reunions of the society, when the foremost seats of the rural theatre are filled by picturesquely robed dignitaries. The opening

prosa, or that held during an octave of the Feast of the holy patrons of Rome, SS. Peter and Paul, treated of St. Peter's meeting with Dante. Sometimes Arcadians, become famous in the world of music, will perform here in public, enchanting the pastoral assembly with their compositions.

And now it only remains for us to mention the words contained in the diploma given to newly-elected members when they are first received into this famous Academy.

"Arcadia, in numbering you in the catalogue of those belonging to that ancient republic of letters, trusts that not only you will maintain the observance of its laws, but that you will ever cause the society to flourish more and more with literary honour."

HELEN EDITH MARSH LEE.

The Name of the Rosary.

II.

THOSE who have had the patience to read my previous article will probably have no difficulty in believing that the garland of flowers, and more particularly the rose wreath, was an extremely familiar conception with our mediæval ancestors. It was as common an object as a dress-tie or a white shirt-front now-a-days, and yet it was sufficiently suggestive of poetical associations to lend itself readily to metaphorical use in all sorts of contexts. It formed just that kind of obvious but picturesque imagery which was likely to be taken up and worked to death by writers of every class. Throughout the Middle Ages *rosariums* and *rosetums*, *coronae* and *serta*, were familiar as titles of books, in much the same connection as we should now-a-days use the words *anthology*, *garland*, *nosegay*, *garden*, &c. We have only to recall the names which even in modern times for some hundreds of years past have been most familiar as titles of prayer-books, to appreciate how natural the floral metaphor seemed, in all that had to do with the devotion of the faithful.¹

It seems, therefore, that no great demand is being made upon the reader's credulity if I ask him to recognize the fact that already in the twelfth century a number of the Mary legends which came into existence at that period² suggest the idea that a prayer might fittingly be looked upon as a sort of spiritual flower. For example, in the collection which Mussafia designates as PEZ, and which he (erroneously, as I think) dates back even to the eleventh century, we have a widely-diffused story of a certain clerk of Chartres. This young man, we are told, had made himself notorious by his dissolute habits, and as a consequence, when he died he was not allowed to be buried in

¹ One may instance such titles as *Hortulus Animae*, *Paradisus Animae*, *The Garden of the Soul*, *Flowers of Nazareth*, *The Crown of Jesus*, *Flowers of Devotion*, *A Spiritual Bouquet*, &c.

² See Mussafia, *Marienlegenden*, i., in the *Vienna Sitzungsberichte*, vol. cxiii. p. 936, &c., and vol. cxix. p. 55; Ward, *Romances*, ii. p. 590, &c.

consecrated ground. But our Blessed Lady, according to the legend, appeared to one of his fellow-clerks and complained of the treatment of "her Chancellor," who had always retained a special devotion to her and had said many Hail Marys in her honour. And lo! when they opened his grave to remove his body into a more worthy resting-place, there was found in his mouth a beautiful flower (in some later versions this becomes a rose),¹ diffusing a sweet fragrance. Very similar in its suggestiveness is another tale which is most certainly older than the year 1200, and which is connected in several of its numerous versions with the Abbey of St. Bertin at St. Omer. A certain Archbishop, on his way home from Rome (Molanus professes to identify him with Archbishop Theobald of Canterbury, 1139—1161, the immediate predecessor of St. Thomas), mentioned in conversation that it was the custom in the Holy Land to say daily five psalms, whose initials formed the word MARIA. Thereupon, one of the monks, by name Jocius, adopted the practice for the rest of his life, and at his death, in reward for this act of devotion, five roses were found growing out of his face, one having on it the word MARIA. Amongst others who were spectators of this miracle was the Bishop of Arras (Attrebatensis), who had previously been a Cistercian. No doubt the data of this story, as related by different authorities, vary considerably, and no one would pretend to regard it as historical, but in all cases it is assigned to the twelfth century, and is consequently earlier than the time of St. Dominic.² Moreover, Thomas de Cantimpré, a Dominican, who wrote less than a century later, declares definitely that the hero was Josbertus, a monk at Déols. Further, he states that Josbertus died November 30, 1186, and he supplies a detailed account of the treatment of the body and the roses.³

¹ See Poquet's Edition of Gautier de Coincy, pp. 347—354.

² There is much other evidence which might be brought to prove that this story is twelfth century. It is already told in French by Gautier de Coincy, c. 1225, who translated it from a Latin original.

³ Father Vincent MacNabb, in his article "Who Wrote the *Ancren Riwele*?" in the (American) *Ecclesiastical Review*, January, 1907, appeals to the mention in the *Ancren Riwele* of this devotion in honour of the letters of our Lady's name as a proof of the Dominican authorship of that remarkable English treatise. "It (this practice) was first published," he says, "by Blessed Jordan of Saxony, second Master General of the (Dominican) Order (1222—1237)." That Blessed Jordan may have introduced the devotion among his own religious brethren is possible enough, but it was certainly known long before.

Another equally early Mary legend is that repeated in a large number of different manuscripts about a devout monk "*in superioribus partibus Europae*,"¹ who was suffering from a cancer in the lips. He was led by an angel in a vision to a field where twenty-three flowering-plants were growing, representing, as the angel told him, the twenty-two divisions of the 118th Psalm (*Beati immaculati*) and the 53rd Psalm (*Deus in nomine tuo*), which Psalms he used to sing constantly. Then he was conducted into a church and our Blessed Lady cured him with her milk. The same story is also told in Latin verse by the English monk, Nigel Wireker, Precentor of Canterbury, c. 1192,² and in French verse about the same period by one Adgar.³ Of course in this and some similar narrations there is no special mention of roses, but the idea is very much the same, and the flower, at first left indeterminate, soon comes to be particularized as a rose. Thus, for example, we have one very widely diffused legend which tells of a knight who became a Cistercian, but who could learn nothing but the two words *Ave Maria*. These he kept continually repeating, and after his death a lily grew out of his tomb bearing the words *Ave Maria*. This is perhaps the oldest form, but it is a rose which is found in other versions of the story.⁴

Two other legends of the early period—though perhaps we cannot prove them with certainty to be older than 1200—also deserve notice. One tells of a devout cleric, who, finding a neglected statue of the Blessed Virgin, adorns its pedestal with boughs of trees and crowns it with flowers. In reward, he is entrusted by our Lady with a message for the Bishop, and finally becomes a monk.⁵

The other legend is not later than the thirteenth century, and may be older. In a Vienna manuscript it is recounted in the following form. A rich widow, together with an only son, was accustomed to pray very earnestly to our Lady in her private chapel, while the young man used to lay garlands of flowers on the altar. After the mother's death, her relatives, who desired to secure the money for themselves, persuaded the son to enter a monastery. This he did, and thenceforth he said

¹ MS. Paris, 14463, No. 69, a manuscript of the twelfth century, tells us that this happened at Nevers, and that the monk's name was Gregorius.

² See Ward, *Romances*, II., 694 (13), and 712 (6).

³ Ward, *Romances*, II., 654 (21); Mielot, No. 7.

⁴ See, e.g., Vincent of Beauvais, *Spec. Hist.* viii. 116.

⁵ Mussafia, in *Sitzungsberichte*, vol. cxix. p. 12.

a Hail Mary to our Lady for each flower that he used formerly to put into her garlands. One day it befell that he had to go upon a journey, taking a large sum of money with him for some business of the monastery. Two robbers lay in wait, and were on the point of throwing themselves upon him, when they saw him kneel down to pray, and before him there appeared a glorious maiden, who plucks rosebuds from his lips and weaves them into a beautiful crown.¹ Thereupon the thieves are converted and fall at the monk's feet. Now of this legend there are also several other versions, and although our manuscript evidence is insufficient to determine the priority by extrinsic considerations, this form of the story must surely be later than that which meets us in a British Museum manuscript (Egerton 1117, f. 174).² Here we are briefly told how a Cistercian monk, accustomed to say 150 *Aves* every day, was repeating them one morning as he went through a wood, when certain robbers who were lying in wait for him, saw *white doves* taking rosebuds out of his mouth and carrying them up to heaven. This is all. There is no beautiful lady and no weaving of a chaplet. When we compare this and other early versions of the story,³ and more especially when we contrast them with a lengthy German poem of which we have next to speak, there can be little doubt, I think, that the more elaborate narrative must be the later in date. It is almost a primary law in the case of such legends that they develop as they go, and the writer who sits down to commit such a tale to writing is by no means likely to record a bare and jejune incident if he has before him a well-rounded story with a point which is worth the telling. With this introduction let us turn to the popular German poem which has been paraphrased by Father Esser. It is called a thirteenth century poem by Franz Pfeiffer, who first edited it, but I am not aware that this is a point which can be determined with any great confidence on the ground of language alone.

¹ Mussafia, in *Sitzungsberichte*, vol. cxiii. p. 985.

² Ward, *Romances*, II., p. 668 (17).

³ As the story is told in MS. Ad. 33956, f. 70, an *angel* gathers the rosebuds: "Quos colligebat angelus sarta texendo, qui ex parte monachi praesentabat virgini gloriosae." In Bonvesin de la Riva, on the other hand, the monk says his Hail Marys as he rides. Our Lady, unperceived by him, rides by his side, and holds her white mantle under his chin that she may catch the rosebuds as they fall from his lips. There is no mention of any sort of garland. Bonvesin wrote in Italian at the end of the thirteenth century. See the *Berichte* of the Berlin Academy, 1850, pp. 489-490.

In a city there lived a scholar who was well provided with the means of learning but was sadly lazy, in spite of all his master's scoldings and floggings. He consequently grew up a dunce and was devoted to worldly amusements, though there was one good custom which he would never relinquish. It was his wont to go out every day to search for flowers, which he plaited into a wreath, and so earnest was he that even when the snow was on the ground, he would scrape it away to try to find at least a few blades of green to make into a garland. With this garland thus plaited, he went before a statue of our Lady and set it as a crown upon her brow. "Lady," he said, "since I am capable of nothing better, be pleased to accept this my poor tribute of veneration." Now it happened after a while that he was touched by grace, and being converted he determined to become a Cistercian. His friends encouraged him, and he entered the Order, where at first he lived devoutly and happily. One day, however, at prayer his eyes fell upon our Lady's statue and he became harassed by the thought that he had formerly promised to be always faithful to the custom of twining wreaths in her honour. With many tears he knelt down before her and bewailed his neglect and his present inability to render her this service while he remained a monk. So bitterly indeed, did he reproach himself, that he determined to leave the Order and to go back again to the making of wreaths. But while thus engaged, an old monk observed his distress, and induced him to make known what troubled him. When he had heard the story, the old man recommended him over and above the prayer of rule to say fifty Hail Marys daily, for this, he declared, would be a chaplet more pleasing to our Lady than any garland of lilies and roses.

Acting upon this advice the young man recited daily the fifty Hail Marys and lived both happily and fervently, being promoted gradually in the Order to offices of trust.

One day it happened that he was sent on a journey, and passing through a wood, the beauty of the scene, the scent of the flowers, and the sweet song of the birds induced him to dismount, and there he began to recite his fifty Hail Marys with all devotion and recollection. Now it happened that while he was on his way he had been tracked by two miscreants who meant to rob him of his horse. Seeing him dismount they had paused to watch him, and now they became aware of a most beautiful lady standing before the monk in robes

of azure blue upon which flowers were strewn like stars.
Upon her arm

She bore a hoop of gold refined
Whereon gay blossoms might be twined
To make a winsome chaplet.¹

Then they were witnesses of a great marvel. When the monk began to pray and had uttered a Hail Mary it turned into a rose and the Heavenly Lady daintily plucked it from his lips and bound it with a silver thread to her golden circlet. When the monk

His fifty *Aves* all had spoken
There were as many flowers broken
Thus from his lips, as well were meet
To weave a rose wreath quite complete
And then the twain saw clearly how
The Lady placed it on her brow.

After which, together with her wreath, she passed out of sight. Having duly said his *Aves* the monk was about to remount, but the robbers advanced and demanded the surrender of his horse and his cloak. Moreover they insisted on knowing who the beautiful lady was who had taken from him the fifty roses. In vain the monk protested that he had no conception of their meaning. It was only when they described to him the plucking of the roses and the garland made from them that he began to have an inkling of the truth. And so he told them of his past life, and of the fifty Hail Marys, which replaced his former wreath of flowers. "See then," he said, "the Lady came and took her garland. Ye saw that, but not I. Doubt not that this marvel took place for your conversion." At this the robbers, deeply touched, implored his forgiveness. He bids them follow him back to his monastery and there, upon their repentance, they are admitted to take the habit, and they end their days in holiness.

I confess I find it a little hard to follow Father Esser's meaning in the inferences which he draws from this story. If I rightly understand his drift, he argues from the phrase *durch der Vrouwen Krenzelin* (through our Lady's chaplet) which occurs at the close of the poem,² that the name chaplet already belonged and was understood to belong of right to this devotion.

¹ I have borrowed with some slight modifications a version published by Father Volz, O.P., in the *Rosary Magazine*, 1903, Ap.

² Secht, daz worcht unser Herre Got
Durch der Vrouwen Krenzelin.
Des si gelobet die Kunigin!

To which it might be replied, as I conceive, that the mere association of the Blessed Virgin and the garland in the story itself was quite sufficient to warrant such an expression, and that nothing whatever can be built upon it. What seems to me much better worth considering is the variations of the same story which surely were not derived from, but must have preceded and led up to the elaborate narrative which we have recounted at length. The incident of the doves flying up to Heaven with the roses is not likely to have been substituted for the description of our Blessed Lady herself weaving the roses into a golden chaplet, and the same may be said of the mention of the angel. If the practice of saying fifty Hail Marys was already known as Our Lady's Chaplet, it is difficult to account for such a variant as that of the doves, which does not introduce that idea. Moreover, it is only in German, and not in Latin, French, Italian, or English, that the word Rosary, which after all is the designation we are now investigating, plainly introduces the conception of garland. I therefore incline to the view that it was the very wide diffusion of the story we have just been considering which mainly led to the adoption of the name Rosary, chaplet, or, in the German form, *Rosenkranz* (rose wreath), as a familiar substitute for the more descriptive but lengthy term, Our Lady's Psalter. Those who maintain that this form of prayer was in the early part of the thirteenth century already christened a Rosary, ought, it seems to me, to produce evidence that it was so designated apart from its introduction into a Mary legend. It is upon this point that early documents, so far as I am aware, fail us completely. The strings of beads upon which the prayers were said were known by many names, but the commonest term was *pater noster*, not Rosary, or even chaplet. And with regard to the devotion itself we never seem before the fifteenth century to find any one bidden to recite a certain number of "rosaries;" the phrase is usually psalters of our Lady.

But we have now to study the very wide diffusion of the legend just recounted. And in the first place it is perhaps worth while to notice that in the earlier versions the story centres round a Cistercian monk.

Unz er zu gráwen munchen quam,

says the German popular poem just summarized.¹ "Fuit quidam monachus cisterciensis ordinis," says the version which

¹ Pfeiffer, *Marienlegenden*, Wien, 1863, p. 155.

describes the roses as being carried to Heaven by doves.¹ "Dum quidam frater cisterciensis ordinis in via procederet in negotiis sui ordinis," are the opening words of another account.² As time went on the story for some reason was transferred to the Carthusians. It would be easy to cite many examples, but I prefer to appeal to the work of the Dominican Father G. Pepin, who in his *Rosarium Aureum Mysticum* (Paris, 1521), tells the story thus :

How pleasing this special wreath is to the Virgin herself the following example shows. We read in a certain little book which is widely circulated among the Carthusians that there was once a devout man, honest, simple, and God-fearing, who . . . wove for our Lady a material garland of roses and flowers as well as he could, and who did this every day as long as flowers could by any means be procured. . . . Afterwards, however, entering the Order of the Carthusians, when he wished to continue this practice he was forbidden to do so. On this account he was much tempted to quit the monastery, but when he had decided to return to the world, he consulted an aged and saintly Father in the same house, who advised him every day to say fifty Hail Marys, &c.³

The rest of the story goes on as before in the Cistercian versions, concluding with the miraculous vision of our Lady plucking rosebuds from the monk's lips while he recites his fifty *Aves*. A more interesting variant is that found in the beautifully illustrated and printed Spanish rosary-book by the Carthusian Dom Gaspar Gorricio, the friend of Christopher Columbus.⁴ The author sets it before us as the history of the origin of the Rosary. I must content myself here with a summary of his somewhat lengthy account.

In a land bordering on Germany a terrible pestilence raged. The people lay dying in the fields and in the houses with no one to tend them. A holy man named Elohim, a Carthusian,⁵ besought our Lady to intercede with Almighty God that a remedy might be found to stay the horrors of this plague. Accordingly, the Blessed Virgin appeared to him, but announced that there could be no improvement until her confraternity, instituted by the Apostles, was restored in its primitive honour. Elohim asked, "Which confraternity?" and our Lady thereupon

¹ MS. Egerton 1117, f. 174, 2°.

² MS. Ad. 33956, f. 70.

³ Pepin, *Rosarium Aureum Mysticum* (Paris, 1521), signature E, vi. 2°.

⁴ Gorricio, *Contemplaciones sobre el Rosario*. Seville, 1494.

⁵ This is the Eloinus mentioned in THE MONTH, November, 1900, p. 527.

explained all the conditions. There was to be a register in every parish containing the name and surname of all the members. There must be community of spiritual goods, and no payment for entrance or enrolment. A whole psalter, *i.e.*, 150 Hail Marys, was to be said by each member every day, and our Lady promises that for each psalter 10,000 years of pardon (*i.e.*, Indulgence) will be given. Further, she promised to intercede for all members and help them to keep free from mortal sin.

This account is followed by an explanation of how the word Rosary came to be introduced into the name of the confraternity.¹ There was, it seems, a knight who had taken the life of his enemy. He went to say his fifty Hail Marys in the chapel of our Lady in the Dominican church of Cologne, and all unwittingly he had been tracked down by another knight who was determined to avenge the man who had been slain, and who now saw his victim at his mercy. But while the pursuer waited for his opportunity he perceived standing before the kneeling figure of his enemy, still intent upon his *Aves*, a most beautiful and glorious lady, and "he saw that from the mouth of that homicide there came forth roses crimson (*coloradas*) and white, and that the aforesaid Lady took them and wove them into a garland, putting first of all a crimson rose and then ten white ones, since this was the order in which they came from the lips of that homicide who was praying before the altar on his bended knees." Our Lady then put the garland upon the head of her suppliant,² though she was unperceived by him, but was visible to his enemy and to the Prior of the Dominicans, who chanced to be a spectator of the whole scene.

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to follow the rather confused explanations of Dom Gaspar Gorricio any further, but I venture to say that no one can study his book without carrying away the impression that even then, *i.e.*, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, there must have been something unfamiliar about the names used in connection with this devotion of the

¹ This is headed:

Siguiese un miraglo: por el qual la confradia se llama psalterio e rosario de la virgen maria e aun por el dicho miraglo se muestra como la dicha confradia es venida a que los frayles predicadores hayan de escribir los confrades, segund se ha comenzado en colonia. (fol. cxiii.)

Then we have cxiv. r^o.

De como la virgen maria en la noche siguiente aparecio al prior del dicho monasterio de predicadores de colonia.

² In the other versions our Lady puts the garland on her own head.

fifty Hail Marys. Gorricio laboriously draws the inference that the *corona* and the *rosario* are the same thing, and indeed on the very title-page of his book he sets himself to find an explanation and reconciliation of these different names.¹ Though writing in the native land of St. Dominic, and making frequent mention of the Dominicans of Cologne (where Alan de Rupe's visions and sermons had brought about the erection of a great Rosary confraternity famous throughout the world), it never occurs to Dom Gorricio to suggest that Rosary was the name which had been given to this form of prayer by its first originator, or that it had in any sense sprung from Spanish soil.

Very interesting is another variant of the same story of the roses, which meets us in the sermons of Father Clement Lossow, a Dominican of Cologne, printed in 1508.²

There was [he says] a certain young man attending lectures in the schools who every day passed by a statue of our Blessed Lady carved in the outside wall of a church. This he saluted reverently every morning, placing a fresh wreath upon its head—sometimes made of roses, sometimes of other flowers as long as he could procure them. After this had gone on for some time, our Lady put it into his heart to enter the Dominican Order, and pay his service therein to herself and to her Son.

This is of course followed by the usual temptation to abandon his vocation, because his duties no longer allow him to crown our Lady's statue. But again, as before, an old Father intervenes at the nick of time.

"No, my son," he said to him, "do not give way to these temptations, for it is all a temptation of the devil. If you wish to escape from it, and every time also to weave a chaplet or rose wreath for the Blessed Virgin, and to crown her with it, do thou hearken to me, and

¹ The title of Gorricio's work runs thus :

Comienca la primera parte de las contemplaciones sobre el rosario de nuestra soberana señora virgen y madre de dios sancta Maria ; ordenadas por don Gaspar Gorricio de Novaria monje de cartuxa : e tornadas en vulgar castellano por el reverendo señor Bachiller Juan Alfonso de Logroño, Canonigo de Sevilla. En que tracta de la convocacion de los confrades et de los misterios de los tres nombres del dicho Rosario, que son Psalterio, Corona e Rosario.

² The title of his book runs :

SERMONES ROSARII POPULO PRAEDICABILES, eximii sacre pagine professoris, magistri Clementii Lossow : Ord. Praed. ac heretice pravitatis inquisitoris diligentissimi.

Impressum Colonie per Martinum de Werdna : prope domum Consulatatus, in Vico Burgensi (vul: die Burgerstraes) commorantem. Anno domini Mcccc viii.

every day, and as often as you can in the day, say 50 Hail Marys, first saying one Our Father, then ten Hail Marys, and so on to the end, and then say one Credo. This prayer will be more acceptable to her than all the wreaths in the world."¹

This is interesting, as coming from a Dominican in 1506. It almost looks as if Father Lossow considered that a young man might have been for some little time a member of the Order, and yet never have heard of the Rosary, or know how it should be said. In this story as in most of the others, the young Dominican is sent out upon the business of the Order, and is waylaid by robbers. Here also they are the witnesses of his interview with a beautiful lady who after taking roses from his lips, weaves a wreath, which, as in the last case, she places not upon her own, but upon her client's brow. Accordingly, in this version the robbers drag him off to his convent and accuse him of having met his sweetheart (*amasia*) in the wood. Moreover, they indignantly demand to be told where he had hidden her. The friar denies all knowledge of what they are talking about, but the robbers point to the garland still upon his head in proof of what they had seen. They try to tear it from him, but they find that their fingers cannot clasp it, for it is not made of material flowers. Then the young friar preaches to them, they fall at his feet and are converted.

It is curious, however, that Father Lossow, though he tells this story, attributes the origin of the name Rosary to quite a different incident. He explains that according to St. Luke's Gospel some who were witnesses of the earthquake at the Crucifixion withdrew beating their breasts. They went, he says, into the desert to do penance. Now it happened that a great pestilence came, as in the time of the Blessed Pope Gregory, so that as often as men happened to cough or yawn they immediately fell down dead. The afflicted people bethought them of appealing to the hermits in the desert. The hermits prayed, and thereupon the Blessed Virgin appeared to them in glory, with attendant maidens, and bade them every day say fifty Hail Marys, with an Our Father before each decade, and a *Credo* at the end of all. They promised faithfully to carry out this prescription, but fearing to trust to memory,

¹ "Audi me et omni die et quotiens poteris in die dic quinquaginta Ave Maria, primum dicendo unum Pater Noster, deinde decem Ave Maria et sic consequenter usque ad finem, et dic unum Credo, et haec oratio magis erit sibi accepta quam omnia mundi crinalia effecta." Signature B 2, recto and verso.

they went out and collected gall-apples¹ from the bushes in the desert and arranged the proper number into a sort of garland. In this manner this new kind of prayer began, and they persevered in it, and the aforesaid pestilence immediately ceased. Then they wanted to know by what name this exercise should be called, and so after much prayer they brought their strings of gall-apples and laid them upon our Lady's altar. Then in the morning, when they came again, they discovered that they had turned into rose-garlands in such a way that there were five red roses and fifty white, and at the end one big rose of a different colour. Whereupon they all cried out together, "Rosary! Rosary! rose garland! rose garland!" And so, concludes Lossow, the fashion grew up of calling this manner of prayer a rosary.²

Extravagant as all this may seem, it possesses at least the negative interest of showing how destitute were even the Dominicans themselves in the early sixteenth century of any definite tradition regarding the origin of the Rosary or its name. As was to be expected, there was not less diversity of view outside the Dominican Order, and I may recall the English poem mentioned in one of my articles long ago.³ It belongs to the end of the thirteenth century, and bears the title, "How our Lady's Sauter was first founde." In brief it tells us that a young monk had formed a habit of saying a hundred *Aves* every day on his knees, when our Lady appeared to him and directed him to say not a hundred but a hundred and fifty, divided into tens. "That is right mi Sauter," she said, and further suggested that fifty should be said in the morning, fifty at noon, and fifty in the evening.

Let me add that it seems not improbable that the connection of the rose with this form of devotion was helped on a good deal by the five-fold division of the calix of a dog-rose. In this view I am encouraged not only by the great prominence

¹ The Latin word used by Lossow is *nodos* (knots), which might perhaps mean berries, but seems to imply something bigger. "Quod dum libenter se facere velle annuerent et memoria labiles essent, de virgultis in heremo sibi tot nodos comparabant et in modum crinale (!) componentes hunc modum orandi inceperunt."

² "Posuerunt nodos suos ita in (ex ?) virgultis complicatos ad altare beate Virginis, et mane venientes invenerunt esse sarta de rosis, ita ut quinque essent rose rubee, quinquaginta albe et in fine una rosa magna diversi coloris, et sic omnes clamabant 'rosarius! rosarius! crinale rosarii! crinale rosarii!' et sic olevit ut diceretur hic modus orandi *rosarius*." Lossow always makes the name *rosarius* masculine.

³ THE MONTH, October, 1900, p. 417.

given to this feature in the rosary pictures of the end of the fifteenth century, but also by a passage I have met with in a much earlier author, who wrote before the year 1200. Unfortunately I have for the moment mislaid my copy of the extract, and I cannot even be certain who the writer was. Another influence which may have contributed to the same result was the legend attaching to the so-called rose of Jericho, which was fabled to have one hundred and fifty petals. One work, *De Laudibus Mariae*, in which this statement is found, is attributed to Blessed Albertus Magnus, but it is now recognized that the book cannot claim him for author.¹ But, without excluding some indirect impulse from the prevalence of these ideas, all the probabilities seem to me to point to the story of the monk and the rose wreath as mainly responsible for the name which has ultimately prevailed, and which is now accepted as a general designation for our Lady's Psalter.

Without protracting this article to quite undue length, it would be impossible to give any adequate idea of the extent to which it became familiar in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. One or two isolated facts must suffice. First we may note that besides being translated into every Western language,² often in several different versions, the story was dramatized, as we should now say, and made into a miracle play. Two such dramatic presentments of it have survived, the one in French and the other in Dutch. The former, differing slightly from the versions we have been considering, bears the following title:

Here begins a miracle of Our Lady how she saved from death a merchant who had long honoured her with garlands (*chapiaux*), rescuing him from a robber who lay in wait for him, and how she appeared to the robber and the merchant, and how the robber afterwards became a hermit.

There is no monk in this form of the tale, it is a young merchant who has honoured our Lady with this special service of rose wreaths. His uncle is introduced into the piece, and in a lively dialogue he accuses his nephew of wasting his time,

¹ "Dicitur quod in Jericho crescunt rosae speciosissimae habentes centum quinquaginta folia. Dicitur ergo Maria quasi rosa, non quaelibet sed Ierichuntina, id est speciosissima et maxime habito respectu ad filii passionem cui mente compassa est." (In *De Laudibus Mariae*, Lyons Ed. 1651, p. 366.)

² A Spanish version was made by Alphonso the Wise, King of Castille (c. 1278), in his *Cantigas de Santa-Maria*, n. 121. The hero in this case was not a monk. There seems also to be a second Spanish version, and a second German version, and a, as yet unprinted, version in French prose.

and sends him off to travel and learn commerce. So the youth takes a tender leave of our Lady's image, and promises, since he cannot gather flowers for her any more, to say her Psalter every day. Then we are introduced to the robber, who in a comic soliloquy on the badness of the times, from his own peculiar point of view, supplies confirmation of a thesis once supported in these pages regarding one of our most familiar but objectionable adjectives:

Le Larron.—Et qu' est ceci sanglante terre !
Il a ja près d'un moys entier
Que je ne poi gangnier denier.¹

The rest of this story is worked out on the lines with which we are now quite familiar, though the dialogue lends it an additional point. The wreath is placed by our Lady on the merchant's head and the robber afterwards threatens him with death if he will not disclose the whereabouts of the lady that she may give him also another wreath as beautifully woven as that which he had seen. It may be added that the Dutch miracle play is quite independent of the French, and is of late date, but in the broad outlines it follows the same main ideas.²

Lastly, we have the curious fact that these stories of our Lady were not confined to Europe, but spread eastward, and even found their way into Abyssinia. Among the spoils brought back by Lord Napier's army from Magdala were certain Æthiopic manuscripts, some of them of the fifteenth century. Among these interesting specimens of caligraphy, gorgeously illuminated with full-page miniatures in very barbaric taste, is a collection of miracles of our Lady, and amongst them we meet our old friend, the story of the monk and the rose garland, unchanged in substance, though now told of a clerk of Rome named Zacharias. The leading details of his story are duly illustrated in the pictures, and the robbers watching the proceedings as our Lady takes the rosebuds from her client's mouth, as also the spectacle of the converted robber, imploring admission into the monastery, are among the most successful miniatures of the collection.

HERBERT THURSTON.

¹ Paris and Robert, *Miracles de Nostre Dame par Personnages*, vol. ii. p. 100.

² See *Tspel van Maria Hoedeken, ende es een exemple van eenen clerc die Maria diende*, ghestelt ende ghemaect; by my Cornelis Everaert, a^o. 1509. In Müller and Scharpé *Spelen van Cornelis Everaert*, 1898, pp. 1—33. The story is also referred to in Luther's *Table Talk*, and see De Vooy's, *Middel nederlandse Marialegenden*, i. p. 165.

The Anarchist.

I STEPPED barefoot across the rich Turkey carpet and looked out of the window. It had rained during the night and the drive was studded with little pools of water. Two gardeners were engaged in sweeping up the brown leaves in the avenue.

A discreet knock at the door advised me of the arrival of the early morning tea. With a sigh I turned, slipped into my dressing-gown, and prepared to go along to the splendidly appointed bath-room.

Perhaps it was because I was something of a Bohemian, that the ease and luxury of Sillerton Hall failed to produce in me any feeling but one of melancholy and restraint. I was an exile among these rich *parvenus*, and exile-like, I pined for home—for the stir and noise and freedom of the great city, for the charming bare discomfort of my top floor back attic, with its exhilarating outlook on roofs and chimney-pots. The very thought of it made it seem to me impossible to spend the morning in forcing my unpromising pupil Hubert through another page of *Cæsar*. Ah! if only the British public had been possessed of any taste, any discrimination, I should not have found myself obliged to abandon the fascinating career of an artist and settle down temporarily to the more remunerative but uncongenial work of a private tutor.

A gust of wind swept a handful of leaves against the window-pane and my feeling of nostalgia was intensified. It was no good—I could not stand it! Mad, extravagant, inexcusable though it might be, I felt that I *must* see London again, if only for a night. The decision once made, it was wonderful with what celerity I finished shaving.

Mr. Sillerton made no objection when I announced that I wanted to go to town on business and asked for two days' leave of absence, while Hubert did not even attempt to disguise his satisfaction. Morning lessons over, I hastily threw a few

necessaries into my bag, forced myself to swallow some lunch, and rushed to catch the two o'clock train.

It was nearing four by the time I reached Liverpool Street. I do not know whether I am alone in my opinion, but I have always held that nothing in this world comes up to London in November. The sombreness of the streets, the glimmer of the gas jets through the fog, the muffled roar rising continually from out the hazy distances, make it to my mind not so much a "City of Dreadful Night" as a veritable City of Mystery, a huge impressionist picture. Everything is possible there. The endless rows of houses, the thronging millions, give one that sense of distance so indispensable to all romance, which increased facilities of travel have brought us near to losing. In London, however, we may have it still, for London, relatively speaking, is infinite—there are depths in it which a lifetime would not be sufficient to explore.

It was, then, with a distinct lifting of the heart that I clambered on to the top of a Hackney tram. For it was in Hackney that I had lived as an impecunious artist, and it was to Hackney that my thoughts naturally turned on my arrival in London. Does it seem strange? After all, we love the places where we have been happy, and I had been happy in Hackney—happy and free.

Soon I was knocking at a door in a side street. *Rat-tat-tat! Rat-tat-tat!* There was a sound of stumbling footsteps up the back stairs and along the passage. Then I heard something being dragged along the floor. How well I knew what it meant! My landlady's little boy was not yet quite tall enough to reach the latch without the aid of a stool. I waited patiently, and at last the door opened.

"Ben! Ben! It's I, your Mr. Jim, come back to see you!" I caught him up and seated him on my shoulder, and at his shout of delight his mother came running up, wiping her hands on her apron, and exclaiming: "Mr. Ellis! Well, I never did!"

The dear, simple people! They were unfeignedly pleased to see me, a pleasure only tempered by a slight disappointment on hearing that I had not yet made my fortune. Of course I must stay with them—I could even have my old room, for the gentleman who had taken it happened to have gone away for a night. "He's not like *you*," said Mrs. O'Sullivan, diplomatically, "and he's made changes up there—I won't tell you, but you'll see. Still, he's quiet, and has all his meals out, and

gives no trouble, and then he's very fond of my little Benedict, is Mr. Sigismund."

"Mr. who?" I asked.

"Mr. Sigismund, we call him. It's his Christian name, but we can never remember his other one. He's a foreigner."

"I'm quite jealous of Mr. Sigismund, Benedict," I said, pressing the curly head against my shoulder, and peering down into the innocent, trusting blue eyes. And then, so as not to be outdone by the new lodger, I played at bus horses for a good half-hour, ran up Mare Street with a jug and fetched the milk for tea, and finally, when Mr. O'Sullivan came home, held the candle for him while he mended the shutter in the front parlour. At last I tore myself away, and went to look up a journalist friend. He persuaded me to go to a music hall with him (you get good seats for fourpence in Hackney), and between the "turns" he sympathized with me on the many trials of a respectable life.

It was past midnight by the time I got home. I pulled out the latchkey and let myself in just in the old way. Mrs. O'Sullivan had promised to leave my room ready, and though the gas was out, I found a lighted candle waiting for me on the hall stand. I sat on the stairs and pulled off my boots out of consideration for the repose of my fellow-lodgers, and even as I did so I became conscious that my spirits had fallen considerably. There is something sad, I reflected, in coming back to the past. How happy I had been on that top floor, in that scantily-furnished, cheerful, airy room, where all the winds of heaven seemed to blow on a breezy day. It had belonged to me once, now I was only there on sufferance. And with what affection I remembered it all—the camp bed, the uneven boards, the whitewashed walls unadorned by any pictures save one of my own, a masterpiece which no one would buy, the open window with the outlook on the plane-trees in a school yard, and beyond them the chimney-pots. What a little I had possessed, what a little I wanted, yet even that little I could not earn. Life was very hard—life in a gilded cage hardest of all. These thoughts passed through my mind as I took off my boots, and it was therefore with the *cœur gros*, as the French say, that I climbed up to bed.

Arrived on the top landing, I turned the handle of the door cautiously, so as not to disturb the old lady in the next room. *Poof!* what a faint, sickly odour assailed my nostrils! It was

a moment before I could make up my mind to enter. "Russian cigarettes," I muttered, and remembered that Mrs. O'Sullivan had told me that the new lodger was a foreigner. But why, oh why, was the window shut? It was with difficulty that I wrenched it open, for it had been secured with a peg, but at last I succeeded. Then I looked round, and never to my dying day shall I forget the unpleasant and sinister impression caused by the changed aspect of the room.

The walls, remarkable formerly for their ascetic bareness, were covered with pictures—and such pictures! Over the bed was a ghastly portrait of Blanqui, presumably at the end of his long imprisonment. The death-like mask, and sightless, staring eyes, were surmounted by a wreath of laurel. The looking-glass was draped with the red flag of revolution, and in a prominent position was an abominably coloured print of a man hanging to a tree by the hair of his head. I lifted my guttering candle to examine it more closely, and easily recognized the features of the Czar of all the Russias. I think there was scarcely a foot of wall that was not covered by some vindictive, disgusting, or bloodthirsty picture, execrably printed and coloured. I saw there Grand Dukes undergoing various kinds of torture, officers in brilliant uniforms being shot in gangs, aristocratic ladies standing horror-struck while their children were flung from the windows. It was all terribly crude, but none the less horrible for all that.

The table was littered with books. I opened one or two; they were mostly in German, and appeared to treat of economic subjects. Then I drew a chair to the window and sat down, for I knew that it would be quite out of the question for me to go to bed in that room. I had been transported, as it were, out of the peaceable, orderly, industrious existence of an ordinary Englishman into another life, another world—a world of plots and murders and lurid lights and strange-smelling explosives. I had often read of anarchists, I had even met men who professed their doctrines, but now a trap-door had opened and I had fallen underground into their very midst. Frankly, I did not like it—the few hours I must pass down there would be a considerable strain on my nervous system. For I felt that I had come in contact with an alien race, a race not so much inhuman as non-human, beings with whom I had nothing in common, no fundamental humanity to which I could appeal if need arose. I had always been accustomed to consider my

ideas sufficiently advanced; I had even on more than one occasion taken up the cudgels on behalf of anarchists, seeking to excuse though I could not justify them, but in face of real anarchy I quailed. God only knows how cruel, how pitiless, men have been in the past—nay, still are—but there was something more than cruelty and revenge and passion, there was something appallingly, almost indecently, inhuman, in the atrocious pictures which stared down upon me from the walls. Their wickedness was so *calculated*.

My uneasiness grew upon me. I began to feel quite angry with the O'Sullivans for having played me such a trick. They had said more than once that I should see a change in the room, and they had smiled at each other. Well, their idea of humour was a very poor one, I thought. How could these quiet, simple, good people tolerate such a lodger? I was looking, for safety's sake, under the bed as I asked myself this question, but I could only discover an old portmanteau, and though I should have liked to open it, I felt ashamed of doing so. The room was small and contained little furniture, so that it was possible to see all over it at a glance, but there was a large cupboard in one corner, and the next thing I did was to open the door and peer into that. Here I saw more books, an apparatus for making coffee, two pairs of boots, and that was all. Not quite, though, for on the top shelf stood a curiously shaped tin, and hardly had I set eyes upon it when my excited brain was at work conjuring up an infernal machine. It was of course highly improbable that it should be anything of the sort, yet as I looked at it I distinctly heard the faint *tick-tack* of the clockwork machinery inside. With a strong effort to dominate my imagination, I turned again to the mantelpiece to distract my thoughts.

Propped against a pile of Nihilist tracts was a photograph of Benedict, evidently recent. Dear little friend, whom no one, not even an anarchist, could help loving! Not far from it, fastened to the wall with a pin, was a rough pencil sketch of a delicate, highly-bred woman clasping a frightened child to her arms, while some madman brandishing a butcher's knife tried to tear the two apart. Something in the child's curly head and wide-open, startled eyes, reminded me of the O'Sullivans' little son. I took down the picture and laid it on the table with the photograph beside it. Then an idea came to me. Quick as thought, I whipped out my penknife and pencil, and with a

scratch here and a touch there, I altered the drawing until the child in it had an unmistakable likeness to Benedict. "I hope he'll notice it, and that it will open his eyes to what it all really means," I said to myself. "But I suppose that's too much to expect."

At this juncture I heard something creak—there was a footstep on the stairs, then on the landing. Another moment, and someone turned the handle of the door, and finding it locked, rattled it, pushed, knocked. I held my breath and my heart beat very fast, for I must confess that I was afraid, literally afraid. Was it the rightful occupant of the room who had returned unexpectedly, or was it some fellow-plotter to whom he had entrusted his latchkey? In any case, what would he do with me, an interloper? He might stab me before an explanation was possible. Desperate characters all of them—this much I knew—who would stick at nothing. My imagination was running away with me again.

But there was another bang against the door. If this went on the household would soon be roused, and in spite of my alarm it occurred to me that supposing the new comer's intentions were peaceable, I should then look extremely foolish. Summoning up all my nerve, I took the candle in my hand and went to the door. As I opened it, the light fell upon a rough-looking man, with rugged features and a peculiarly dead-white skin. He wore a beard but no moustache, so that the thin straight line of his lips was plainly visible, and he had obviously not shaved for some days.

"This is my room," I said quickly, before he could speak. "What do you want?"

"Pardon me, it is *my* room."

"But Mrs. O'Sullivan told me to sleep here. Perhaps you were not expected back."

"I was *not*," he replied shortly, pushing past me with some roughness. "They have no business to let the room to other people when I am away." He spoke English well, but with a slight foreign accent. I followed him into the room and placed the candle on the table.

"I'm sure the O'Sullivans meant no harm," I said. "You see I'm an old lodger and friend. This room used to be mine once, and whenever I was away and a friend of theirs happened to turn up, they used to put him in here."

"I dare say. Your case was different. My room is peculiar."

Goodness only knows it was! He had taken a lamp from a bracket and was lighting it. Then he glanced down at the table and caught sight of the drawing with the photograph of Benedict lying beside it.

"And you've been moving my things and spying round at everything!" he exclaimed, furiously. He looked for another minute and then demanded: "What do you mean by this? How dare you tamper with my picture—you?" His eye had been quick to perceive my little alteration.

"I noticed a rather extraordinary resemblance in your picture, and I took the liberty of accentuating it," I replied, as lightly as I could. "It makes it more realistic."

"It does not," he raged. "The child downstairs could not meet with such a fate. He's safe—he's one of us—one of the people."

I am afraid I have always loved argument. Perhaps I am not yet old enough to recognize its uselessness. Anyway, I saw my opportunity and stuck to my point with obstinacy: "The child in the drawing is just as innocent as little Ben," I declared. "And as for the lady, I should think her capacity for suffering was at least as great as that of Mrs. O'Sullivan."

"I know that," he rejoined. "Who should know it better than I—I who am a Count in my own country! But let her suffer—it's her turn."

"Poor thing!" I ejaculated. "She didn't choose her station in life. She was born into it by the will of God—or by fate or chance, if you like to put it that way, anyhow through no wish of her own—"

"Fool! Don't talk to me like that. Who the devil are you?"

"I? I'm an unsuccessful artist."

He burst out laughing. "I believe you," he said. "At least no detective would stand there prating like an old woman in the middle of the night. Where are you going now?"

"Downstairs. I can sit in the kitchen till morning."

"No, you can stay here. Evidently you don't want to sleep, nor do I." He glanced at the unruffled bed with a half smile, then quietly closed the door, and motioned me to the armchair. I would much rather have gone down to the kitchen, but I did not like to say so.

"We'll have some coffee," he said, and going to the cupboard he produced a coffee-pot and a spirit-stove and kettle. Next he drew forth the strangely-shaped tin. It

contained lump-sugar, and seeing this I felt that I had come perilously near to making an ass of myself.

"Have a cigarette?" he said, pushing a box towards me.

"Are they scented?" I asked, dubiously.

"Ah, you don't like them. There, then!" and he flung on the table a threepenny packet of English-made cigarettes. "I buy these," he explained, "because there are little pictures in the boxes, and I keep them for Benedict."

The name of one of the gentlest of the saints sounded so incongruous coming from his lips that involuntarily I smiled. He glanced at me sharply.

"The child likes me," he said, "so you see I am not so bad. Children do not like bad people. That reminds me, you must alter that drawing again before you go. Here, do it now." He pushed it towards me. "It is a design for a magazine, and I cannot have my little friend's face in it—it would give me the nightmare."

"Everything here would give me the nightmare," I said boldly. I had quite lost my fear by now.

"So?" he murmured, with a comprehensive gesture which took in the whole of his objectionable prints. "But all this only represents what we *want* to happen, young gentleman—it has not happened yet."

"Thank Heaven!" I muttered.

"You are wrong to thank Heaven for that. It would be good for you. You could paint what pictures you liked, then, and have no fear of starving."

There was something in this point of view.

"Now you must excuse me," he continued. "I must go on with my work. I have to work very hard to live. I am doing a translation—oh, but quite harmless!"

I sipped my coffee, and watched the rugged, white face bent over the books until the room grew hazy, and the cigarette slipped from my fingers, and I fell asleep.

When I woke it was nearly eight o'clock. I was cold and stiff, though my companion had thrown a rug over me. At first I thought I had been dreaming, but there were the offensive pictures and the empty coffee cups and the cigarette ends, all unmistakably real in the cold, grey morning light.

My host was still bending over the table. He was evidently cold too, for he had turned up the collar of his great coat. Doubtless he could not afford much fire.

"You are going now?" he said. "Well, good-bye."

"Good-bye, Mr.— Mr.—"

"Vorinsky," he said, quietly.

"Good-bye, then, Mr. Vorinsky. My name is Ellis. I am very much obliged to you indeed for the night's hospitality."

"Good-bye. It's all right, but I must tell Mrs. O'Sullivan not to do this again."

"Why on earth do you keep him?" I asked, as I ate my eggs and bacon in the warm kitchen. "He may be making bombs up there."

"Oh no, he's not; he's just writing a book, he told us so," said the trustful Mrs. O'Sullivan. "You see he's only here as a temporary, and as long as he pays his rent and keeps quiet and does no harm, it wouldn't seem fair to turn him out. Of course, his pictures are queer—I try not to look at them—but he's put no nails in the walls, only drawing-pins."

After a pause, she added, almost reproachfully: "And he's so *very* kind to little Ben. *You* like Mr. Sigismund, don't you, Benedict?"

"Mr. Sig! Mr. Sig!" cried Ben, jumping up and down and clapping his hands above his head.

"Oh, oh!" remarked his mother reprovingly. "I do believe my little boy has got down from the table without saying his grace."

Benedict crossed himself obediently.

Just then there was a rush of heavy boots down the bare, wooden stairs, followed by a violent slamming of the front door.

"He's gone to get some breakfast," said Mrs. O'Sullivan, and involuntarily her voice sank to an awestruck whisper. "Just think of it, Mr. Ellis, he has all his meals out—all!"

E. M. WALKER.

Flotsam and Jetsam.

The New Law of Espousals.

IN our May number we commented on a particular point in the recent Decree *Ne Temere*, modifying the Marriage Law of the Catholic Church. This clause enacts that "only those espousals (*i.e.*, "promises of marriage") are to be held valid and to have canonical effects which have been contracted through a written document signed by the parties, and also by the parish priest, or the Ordinary of the place, or at least by two witnesses." The point on which we commented last time was as to whether this invalidation of unwritten and unwitnessed promises of marriage tended to the protection of the weaker party or to her injury—the latter alternative having been contended for by a writer in the *Daily Chronicle* who on the basis of it was bold enough to accuse the Holy See of "detestable morality." We believe that we said sufficient both to show up the absurdity of such a notion, and also, which was more important, to explain the mode in which the new law, for which a large number of Bishops had petitioned, was intended to work. But there is another question which has been raised in connection with this clause, not indeed by outsiders, who would not understand it, but by some of the clergy, and it may be useful to consider it briefly. The question is as to whether the Decree does mean to invalidate these informal promises in regard to conscience as well as in regard to canonical effects, such as the diriment impediment of *publica honestas*. Those who raise this underlying question have this on their side that it is possible and not without precedent for the Holy See to make this distinction, and invalidate under the one aspect only; and they take note that the wording of the clause is not altogether distinct. It says "those espousals only are *held* for valid," not "*are* valid," which might absolutely mean that the unwritten promises are to be treated as non-existent by the Church courts, but only that. Nor perhaps can it be said that this interpreta-

tion is absolutely excluded. Indeed, the *Collectiones Brugenses*¹ sums up its disquisition on the subject with the words, "From Easter next all engagements will be invalid in the external court, and *probably in the internal court too.*"² None the less, it is morally certain that if asked, as probably it will be before long, the Holy See will reply distinctly that unwritten engagements henceforth will be binding neither for conscience nor for the external courts.

For, quite apart from the reasons given in the May number, which went to show that the very object of the new law would be defeated if the obligation of unwritten promises continued to bind in conscience, it must be borne in mind that the law, though new in one sense, is not so new in another, being but an extension to the universal Church of a prescription for some time since in force in certain localities. The earliest instance of its enforcement was in Spain in January, 1880; for on January 31st, of that year, Leo XIII. declared that "promises of marriage in Spain were not valid unless contracted by means of a public document, drawn up in the presence of a notary, or else through an instrument drawn up in the Episcopal Court for the dispensation of some impediment." The motive for this earliest exaction of a written document seems to have originated in the civil code of Spain, which since 1803 had always required this formality. Moreover, in January, 1900, in response to the desire expressed by the South American Bishops in their Plenary Council in 1899, Leo XIII. extended this discipline, which had been in force for eighteen years in Spain, to the South American continent; and the self-same question of invalidity in conscience which we are now considering, having arisen out there, and led to an application to the Holy See, the latter, on November 5, 1901, replied that their unwritten engagements were invalid in conscience. But perhaps it is best to give the text of this important decision, which may be found in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* for August, 1907.

By a decree of the Sacred Congregation for extraordinary ecclesiastical affairs, under the date of January 1, 1900, there was extended to Latin America the declaration of the Sacred Congregation of the Council published for Spain on January 31, 1880, in these words:

Espousals which are contracted in our regions without a public

¹ January, 1908.

² These two phrases are technical in canon law. To bind in the "internal court" is to bind in conscience and in the confessional; and to bind in the "external court" is to induce obligations, which the Church's law processes will recognize as real and will enforce.

document are invalid, nor can an "information" in regard to a marriage supply for such public document. . . . In regard to the first part of this declaration the opinion of the Doctors differs: most assert that the invalidity of these espousals affects both the external and internal courts: some, however, maintain that there is no invalidity for the internal courts, as long as there is clear proof of the deliberate consent of both parties. Are then these espousals, made without a public document, invalid, even for the court of conscience?

Response: *affirmatively*, that is to say, they are invalid even for the court of conscience.

This makes the matter perfectly clear for Latin America, and would seem to do so, therefore, for the rest of the world. For what has just happened is simply that, after having first tried it as an experiment in Spain and Latin America to see how it answered, the Holy See has now extended this new legislation to the whole world. If then it is the same legislation for the two cases, it follows that the Holy See should understand it is the same way for both. Accordingly we can understand why the theologians, who have commented on this new law since its promulgation a few months ago, should have agreed in interpreting the doubtful words as invalidating unwritten and unwitnessed espousals, even for conscience. It may be well to add that this does not remove the obligation in conscience derived from the natural law to afford due compensation for the injury inflicted by a "breach of promise" after even invalid espousals.

An Instructor of Babes and Sucklings.

Mr. Harold Begbie appears to be resolved that no possible doubt shall remain as to his unfitness for such a task as that of writing upon a subject like the Bible in the *Children's Encyclopædia*. Addressing the *Tablet*,¹ in his own justification, he, with the utmost simplicity, exhibits his absolute incompetence, by solemnly quoting various old exploded fictions and calumnies against the Church, evidently without a suspicion that any exception to their authenticity could possibly be taken.

There was, for instance, the famous "Letter of the Three Bishops" to Pope Julius III. (1543), which, as has again and again been shown,² is a clumsy fabrication, so clumsy, indeed,

¹ May 9th.

² See, for instance, Mr. James Britten, in the *Tablet* of May 16th.

that it should bear its own refutation in its manifest absurdity. It is difficult to believe that any one out of the nursery could be taken in by so patent a fraud—but unfortunately it is just for the nursery that Mr. Begbie has written.

Another example of assurance based on nothing more substantial than ignorance, is furnished by Mr. Begbie in the same letter. To support his assumption that the Catholic Church has always opposed the reading of the Bible, he quotes Cardinal Wiseman as saying: "We must deny to Protestants any right to use the Bible, much more to interpret it." Here, again, we have a misrepresentation, which has been frequently exposed, and Mr. Begbie has evidently taken his citation from some controversial work of inaccurate reference, not thinking it necessary to go to Wiseman himself.¹ Had he done so he would have found that what the Cardinal says is something quite different—"We must deny to *Protestantism* all right to use the Bible, much more to interpret it." Moreover, Wiseman supports his denial by an argument which will be found easier to dismiss with a sneer than to answer. Protestants—he points out—"have no claim at all to Scripture, and can prove neither its canon, its inspiration, nor its primary doctrine, except through that very authority which they are questioning."

From the Catholic Church alone do they receive the Bible, and it is only her authority which guarantees it as the Word of God. Of the total baselessness of their own position, Mr. Begbie and others like him, who prate so confidently on the subject, appear to have no suspicion, but how totally irrational is their belief, apart from the witness of the Church, they might learn even from such an authority as Mr. Robert Horton in his latest work.²

All that the Church had claimed for itself [he writes] the Reformers claimed for the Bible. For nearly 300 years the infallibility of the Bible was accepted without question and without proof. And then the very spirit which made the Protestant Reformation raised the question and demanded the proof. Directly the question was raised . . . the fact became clear that there was no proof.

¹ *The Catholic Doctrine of the use of the Bible*, p. 11.

² *My Belief*, p. 113.

Some newly-found Verses by the Ven. Philip, Earl of Arundel.

Though the verses of Philip, Earl of Arundel, are now very little known, they were sufficiently good to win a certain vogue among his Catholic contemporaries, and, but for the ravages of persecution, many more traces of them would have survived. Thus Father Walpole, the martyr, was examined what he knew about the Earl, and answered, "I have heard say that he had written verses, which is all I remember."¹ Walpole, it must be borne in mind, had been abroad many years, and Philip had only lately begun to write. None of his compositions were printed during his life, but six sets of verses (unsigned however) appeared in the first edition of his translation of Lanspergius' *Epistle of Christ to the Christian Soul*, and from these Mr. Charles Gatty arranged the hymns, which give the title to the *Arundel Hymn-book*. Another poem of his, *The four-fold Meditation on the four last Things* (re-edited in *THE MONTH*, October, 1894, by Father Thurston), has sometimes been attributed to Southwell, but the balance of opinion now, as well as the best manuscripts, are definitely in favour of the Earl as author.²

The "verses" now printed for the first time were found in an old MS. prayer-book in the possession of Sir Henry Bedingfeld at Oxburgh Hall. I hope to say more about its contents in a future volume of the *Catholic Record Society*, so I confine myself here to a couple of words on the date of the transcript, and the person for whom it was copied.

The date, then, may be fixed with a fair amount of certainty to the year 1589, or thereabouts. For the volume contains notes of the christenings of the four children of Sir John Sydenham, of Brimpton, Somerset, and the first two seem to have been entered together in that year in a hand very similar to one in which a good part of the book is copied. The verses were therefore presumably transcribed during the life-time of the Earl.

Yet we cannot say for certain that it was transcribed for the Sydenhams, because of the initials E. G. on the binding, initials which presumably belonged to the person for whom the

¹ *Catholic Record Society*, v. 258.

² *Dublin Review*, September, 1903, p. 350.

volume was originally destined. If any one can find out who this E. G. was, I should be glad to know. The selection of prayers inclines one to think that she was a lady, and one may note that Sir John Sydenham's mother was Grace Godolphin, which may prove a clue.

A few words will suffice to tell how the MS. came to Oxburgh. Frances, Sir John's youngest daughter, married Edward Paston, of Horton, Gloucestershire, and her only daughter, Margaret, married Sir Henry Bedingfeld, of Oxburgh, the first baronet. It is clear that it was through her that this dear little relic of her family came from her first home in Gloucestershire to her second home in Norfolk, where it still remains in the library, while she sleeps near by in the family chantry.

The verses are at fol. 77 of the prayer-book. The lines are written on end, with divisions imperfectly indicated, as the size of the page, 16mo., with ruled margins, would not allow of the lines being properly spaced.

EARLE OF ARUNDLE'S VERSES.

O Christ my lord which for my sinnes * didest hang upon a tree ;
Graunt y^t thy grace in me, poore wretch, * may still ingrafted bee.

Graunt y^t thy naked hanging there * may kill in me all pride,
And care of wealth, sith thou didst then * in such poor state abide.

Graunt y^t thy crown of prickinge thornes, * which thou for me didst were,
May make me willinge for thy sake * all shame and payne to bare.

Graunte y^t the skornes and tauntes, wch thou * didst on the cross endure,
May humble me, and in my hart * all pacience still procure.

Graunt y^t thy prainge for thy foes * may plaint within my breaste
Such charitie, as from my hart * I malis maye deteste.

Graunt y^t thy pearced handes, which did * of nothinge althinges frame,
May move me to lift up my handes, * and ever prayse thy name.

Graunt y^t thy wounded feete, whose stepes * were perfect evermore,
May learne my feete to tredd thos pathes, * which thou hast gone before.

Graunte y^t the bitter gall, which did * thy emptye bodye fill,
Maye teache me to subdue my fleshe, * and to performe thy will.

Graunt y^t thy woundes may cure the sores, * wch sinn in me hath wrought,
Graunt y^t thy deathe may save the soule, * wch with thy blood was bought.

Graunt y^t those dropes of bloode, wch ranne * out from thy hart amayne,
May melt my hart into salt teares, * to see thy greuous payn.

Graunt y^t thy blessed grave, wheras * thy bodye laye a while,
May burye all such vayne delightes, * as may my minde defile.

Graunt yt thy goinge doune to them, * which did thy sight desiere,
 Maye kepe my soule, when I am deade, * cleare from the purging fyre.
 Graunt yt thie rising up from deathe * may rayse my thoughtes from
 sinne;
 Graunt yt thy partinge from this earthe * from earthe my hart may
 winne.
 Graunt lorde yt thy assendinge then * may lift my mynd to thee.
 That there my hart and joye may rest, * though heare in fleshe I be.
 Amen.

I have to thank Lady Bedingsfeld for kindly copying the
 verses from the MS. J. H. P.

The Theory of Earthquakes.

A review of ours in THE MONTH for April of the current year, dealing with Canon Sheehan's *Parerga*, ventured to call in question the author's theory as to the cause of earthquakes. Though we still hold that his language is loose and unscientific, we are glad to learn from an esteemed correspondent that there is more to be said for the Canon's view than we imagined. We were aware, of course, of the periodic alterations of direction in the earth's axis due to "precession" and "mutation." But there is a third cause which our correspondent thus describes :

A series of observations has demonstrated the fact that the direction of the earth's axis is subject to sudden and irregular changes. It has been noticed that these changes are most marked at times of exceptional earthquake activity. No doubt the change is very small, but on the other hand the mass of the earth is great, so that the effect of such a movement might be considerable. That a sudden "wobble" in a body rotating like the earth with great velocity should produce a displacement of a portion of its mass which might be in a condition of unstable equilibrium is not to be wondered at. More recently attention has been called to the fact that a displacement of material at one locality would give rise to a "wobble" in the earth, and that this in turn might cause an earthquake at a distant place. Thus earthquakes would be both the cause and the effect of changes in the direction of the axis of the earth. The earth would in fact shake itself into equilibrium. Professor Milne has called attention to the fact that earthquakes—often at very different places—do come in groups very frequently. He has also shown that the quantity of material suddenly set in motion by an earthquake is such that reactions of the kind described might be expected. This view is explained in an article in the January *Nineteenth Century*, in which some simple experiments illustrative of the possible reactions are described.

H. V. G.

Reviews.

I.—MR. HERBERT SPENCER.¹

THE ponderous autobiography bequeathed by Mr. Spencer himself is now supplemented by this substantial Life of him by a friend and admirer, for the production of which he began to make arrangements nearly thirty years ago, specifying that it should be contained "in one volume of moderate size." The amount of material he had to use being considered, the biographer may be held to have fulfilled the condition so imposed even in a work of such substantial bulk.

Without attempting to discuss once more the much-vexed questions raised at every turn by Mr. Spencer's philosophical system, we shall here confine ourselves to the Philosopher himself, in regard of whom much information is furnished, which is by no means without its bearing on his work, while much of it is of considerable interest.

The distinctive characteristic of Herbert Spencer's mental attitude was undoubtedly the sublime self-confidence without which not only could he never have elaborated his philosophical system, but could never even have projected it. From the first he was absolutely convinced that with himself a new power had appeared in the region of thought, which was to solve problems insoluble before. In 1854, at the age of thirty-four, he wrote concerning his *Psychology*, on which he was then engaged: "From time to time I keep making fresh discoveries. . . . My private opinion is that it will ultimately stand beside Newton's *Principia*."² This, it will be allowed, is a tolerably high appreciation of his own "discoveries," and it is abundantly clear that when he so termed them he really meant what he said, for on no claim did he lay greater stress than the absolute originality of his doctrines; he even boasted that he owed nothing to other

¹ The Life and Letters of Herbert Spencer. By David Duncan, LL.D., late Director of Public Instruction, Madras. With seventeen illustrations. Pp. xiv. 621. London: Methuen. 15s. net. 1908.

² P. 75.

philosophies, nor even knew anything concerning them. Thus, in 1899, he assured Sir Leslie Stephen that of Locke, Bacon, Hobbes, Paley, and Bentham, he knew practically nothing, and not much of Mill. Kant he had once begun, but forthwith rejected his doctrine of Time and Space, and read no further. Of ancient philosophy he declared his ignorance to be absolute: twice or thrice he had taken up Plato's *Dialogues*, and quickly put them down with more or less irritation. Of Aristotle he knew even less than of Plato. Summing the matter up, he said:

I did not trouble myself with the generalizations of others, and that indeed indicates my general attitude. All along I have looked at things through my own eyes and not through the eyes of others. I believe that it is in some measure because I have gone direct to Nature and have escaped the warping influences of traditional beliefs, that I have reached the views I have reached.¹

The system of a philosopher who thus ignores the labours of all his predecessors, is obviously bound to be original. Whether, as Mr. Spencer seems to assume in his own instance, such originality necessarily implies advantage is, of course, another question.

The same self-confidence is conspicuously manifested in his attitude towards other writers, whose worth he seems to have appraised chiefly according to their agreement or disagreement with his own conclusions. In those who had the misfortune to differ from him he always found—with evident sincerity of conviction—some fatal flaw which vitiated their argumentative capacity. Thus he declared² that mathematicians are bad arguers, because they go wrong, not in reasoning from their premisses, but in their choice of premisses; and that Lord Kelvin furnished repeated instances of this. In connection with this opinion it is interesting and instructive to read his correspondence with the said Lord Kelvin³ regarding the primitive condition of matter, in which it must at least be conceded that the mathematician is considerably the more comprehensible, although his point was his inability to comprehend the condition of which Mr. Spencer undertook to treat. Other eminent dissentients naturally fared no better. Of Sir John Herschel he briefly states,⁴ "I ventured to dissent" from his theory of the sun. Of Sir Richard Owen's *Archetype and Homologies* he proposed to make, and thought he did make, "a tremendous smash."⁵

¹ Pp. 417-19. ² P. 396. ³ Jan. 3, 1890, p. 437. ⁴ P. 552. ⁵ P. 165.

Professor Tait, with whom Lord Kelvin was associated, having ridiculed his notion that the laws of nature can be demonstrated otherwise than by experiment, Spencer replied at great length,¹ and when the Professor was satisfied with leaving his readers to determine to what possible objection his own proposition was open, Spencer claimed to have silenced him. Of Ruskin, the only thing we find him saying² is, "I am profoundly averse to his teachings alike in social affairs in general and even to a large extent in art. I must decline doing anything that may directly or indirectly conduce to the spread of his influence." Carlyle—who, to be sure, had styled him "an immeasurable ass"—he, not unnaturally, charged with "extreme arrogance."³ Of Mr. Frederic Harrison's vigorous onslaught upon the doctrine of the Unknowable, we hear nothing which gives any adequate idea. Still more remarkable is it that we learn practically nothing of the famous attack on the Spencerian system in Professor James Ward's *Naturalism and Agnosticism*. To none of these eminent men does Mr. Spencer appear to have attached nearly so much importance as to Mr. Grant Allen, whose total lack of scientific authority was apparently more than compensated by his unhesitating readiness to accept whatever Spencer taught.⁴ It would indeed appear that our Philosopher entertained a profound conviction, that whosoever differed from him must infallibly be worsted. Thus even of so staunch a friend as Professor Tyndall, who was nettled at an attack made by him on men of science, we read:⁵ "He says it is well for me that his hands are full; betraying at the same time an amusing unconsciousness that it is possibly well for him also."

The same naïve self-appreciation crops up frequently. Thus when it was proposed that a University Honours degree should be made a necessary qualification for teachers, he was content to bring as a fatal objection that under such a rule neither Mill nor himself would be qualified.

An interesting and amusing episode in Mr. Spencer's life is furnished in connection with the presentation portrait subscribed for by a large number of eminent persons of all shades of thought, with the intention that it should be hung in the Tate Gallery during his own lifetime. We shall not attempt to follow the numerous difficulties and misunderstandings which

¹ Correspondence in *Nature*, April 2, &c., 1874.

² P. 403.

³ P. 378.

⁴ P. 415.

⁵ P. 166.

arose at all stages of this project, and produced a frequent crop of correspondence in the columns of the *Times*. Suffice it to say that when the commission was finally entrusted to the then Mr. Herkomer, troubles were by no means over. They may be conveniently set forth in the words of a critic who reviewed the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1898.¹ After remarking that the portrait which should have been a masterpiece was in truth very much the reverse, he thus continued :

Philosophers have their peculiarities. According to the poet none of them can "abide the toothache patiently ;" and if Shakespeare could have known Mr. Herbert Spencer, he would have added that one of them cannot abide the sight of a portrait painter. To get proper sittings from him was an impossibility ; neither the wishes of illustrious admirers, nor thoughts of posthumous fame, nor any similar consideration had any effect whatever, and Mr. Herkomer, we believe, had to be content with a few moments at such casual intervals as the moods of the sitter might permit. No portrait so painted could be satisfactory.

Amongst those who did not think it satisfactory was Mr. Spencer himself, who detailed some of his objections in a letter to the much-enduring artist. That the portrait had merits, he acknowledged—"You have," he wrote, "succeeded well in an essential point, namely, the expression. There is a far-off gaze appropriate to a thinker, and it is an *understanding* gaze, which of course I consider is not inappropriate." On the other hand, he found grave defects. The nose appeared too aquiline, which he did not like, and this, as he explained, was due to a wound inflicted by a little sister with a carving-knife, in his childhood. This defect should be rectified, if possible on varnishing-day. Then the impression given is that the body is too bulky and the head too small, for unfortunately when photographed he wore a dressing-gown over his morning-coat, and his head, though not especially large, is yet twenty-two inches round, which a spectator would hardly guess.

Still less to his liking, as might be supposed, was the caricature in *Vanity Fair* nine years earlier² concerning which he wrote, "The biographical sketch is about as absurd as the portrait."³

¹ The *Times*, April 30, 1898, p. 14.

² April 26, 1879.

³ P. 197. Two fragments from this sketch, by "Jehu Junior," may serve as samples. "As nobody could well understand him, his reputation waxed mightily." . . . "He has discovered that 'ultimate scientific ideas are representations of realities that cannot be comprehended,' and that the man of science 'knows that in its ultimate essence nothing can be known.' Yet he goes on writing."

We have dwelt so fully upon one feature of Mr. Spencer's life and character, that we must be satisfied with a couple of brief extracts regarding other points.

He seems to have held that for others as well as himself thinking rather than reading should be the avenue to knowledge, or, at any rate to wisdom. As he roundly declared:¹ "I disapprove of Free Libraries altogether, the British Museum Library included."

When requested to sanction a cheap reprint of a portion of his *First Principles* by the Rationalist Press Association, he replied that he foresaw various inconveniences as likely to result from the publication of a part and not the whole, and added this interesting observation:

Those who are led to abandon the current creed, and whose lives have given them no knowledge of the natural order of things to fill the gap left, remain in a state of unstable equilibrium, and are apt to lapse back into one or other kind of superstition—Roman Catholicism usually. I personally know two instances of this.

2.—AN ANGLICAN MYSTIC.²

A sentence from Mr. Palmer's Introduction will enable us to understand without further development the view he has formed of the great Anglican ascetical writer, William Law, whose *Serious Call* ranks amongst the masterpieces of English literature. He writes:

He [Law] was in advance of his time, like every seer; and, like all the seers, he is now being interpreted to us by the men of our new Christian and Catholic thought, by Newman and Tyrrell and DuBose, by Laberthonière and Loisy.

This jumbling up together of thinkers who in many essential points are poles apart, is characteristic of the attempt constantly being made now-a-days to buttress up the Modernist heresy by invoking in its support all writers who have ever enunciated a principle capable of being understood in a Modernist sense. Thus we find Newman, the loyal and devoted adherent of the

¹ P. 403, March 24, 1897.

² *The Liberal and Mystical Writings of William Law: With an Introduction by William Scott Palmer, and a Preface by W. P. DuBose, M.A., S.T.D.* Longmans: Pp. xviii., 166. Price, 2s. 6d. net. 1903.

Visible Church, who would have given his life, as Blessed John Fisher did, in defence of the prerogatives of her Supreme Head, placed in the company of rebels against her authority and strangers to her fold. And the Abbé Laberthonière, who, unorthodox in some of his speculations, has had the courage and humility to withdraw them at the voice of authority, is classed with those who glory in their defiance. And William Law himself, who spent his life in combating Deists and rationalists, is claimed as the spiritual ancestor of those who deny the Divinity of Christ! This is obviously the result of exaggerating one doctrine at the expense of another which limits and explains it. Catholic teaching has always recognized the existence of an Invisible Church, composed of all those who are united to God by supernatural charity, and having quite other boundaries than the Church Visible. It is the old distinction between the Church's Body and Soul. Not all who have been baptized into the Body of the Church belong to her Soul, but all members of her Soul belong, either actually or by real though implicit desire, to her Body. For they cannot be friends with God, without the purpose of doing all that He enjoins under pain of losing His friendship, as soon as it is adequately brought home to them. Nothing is lacking to the visibility of God's Church, that city set upon a hill. But, for one reason or another, culpable or inculpable, the faculty of sight may be absent or impaired in the individual, and this explains why the extent of the Church Visible will never coincide with that of the Invisible until both are merged in the Church Triumphant.

There is no evidence, either in the Life of Law or in the dozen specimens of his shorter writings here brought together by Mr. Palmer (who alone is responsible for the misleading epithet, *Liberal*) that he ever turned away from the light. On the contrary, the devout and lofty spirit of his works argues complete sincerity; they are instinct with the conviction that the supreme object of man's being, to which all else, the Church included, is but a means, is union with God in charity. Except for the absence of that corrective dogma regarding the Church Visible, there is little to take exception to in these beautiful and glowing pages, where the doctrine of the Church Invisible is so eloquently preached, and where deeds are so strongly insisted on as the truest test of love.

3.—SONGS OF SYON.¹

A new hymn-book is not often a boon to the public, but here is one, compiled by an Anglican clergyman, for which we may at once avouch our hearty gratitude. The compiler's aim has not been to oust existing collections from their place in general esteem, nor even to put forward a rival. His intention is much simpler—to supplement the work of his predecessors and provide what was still wanting, words to suit forgotten or neglected melodies of great worth and beauty. There are many such melodies, composed by musicians of celebrity, which are never heard or heard only in a mutilated form, simply because there are no words to sing to them. Mr. Woodward, therefore, has cast about to find or make hymns which may be worthily wedded to such noble numbers. Both his seeking and his making have been crowned with the success that the long years of labour deserved which he has generously devoted to the task. Among the findings a glance at the Index will detect plenty of well-known hymns; it will also notice others of less fame but of equal merit. But, if the editor deserves our gratitude thus far as a seeker, he deserves it still more as a maker. Amongst these 431 "Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs" (to use the description given in the sub-title), 160 are from Mr. Woodward's own pen. Some twenty or so are original compositions, the remainder translations. All alike possess a vigour, a spirit, a robustness, which are often sadly to seek in modern hymns, while at the same time they have abundance of piety and sincere feeling. The translations, mainly from the German, are particularly good. Their merit will be appreciated best by those who have ever ventured on this thorny road for themselves. As a very charming specimen, we may cite some verses of a carol, from a Latin original of the fourteenth or fifteenth century given in Daniel's *Thesaurus*.

I heard an Infant weeping
And yearning sore for rest;
But, ere he fell a-sleeping,
Thus sang his Mother blest:
Babe Jesu, lullaby.

¹ Edited by the Rev. G. R. Woodward, M.A. Third Edition, revised and enlarged. London: Schott and Co. Pp. vi. 402. 2s. 6d. net. 1908.

My Lamb, from God forth-faring,
My Life, my guiding Star,
Fair lily, of my bearing,
Than jewel rarer far :
Babe Jesu, lullaby.

Jesu, more sweet than honey,
My fountain of delight,
Beyond the worth of money,
The Dayspring from the height :
Babe Jesu, lullaby.

Some few of these hymns, as the above, are better adapted for chamber devotion than for use in church, but all, we think, are worthy of the attention of choir-masters and lovers of sacred music, to whom we warmly commend them. The Tune-Book corresponding with this edition is not yet published, but copies of the previous editions are still on sale. It only remains to say that the old-fashioned wood-prints are delightful, and that the Chiswick Press has done its best for the get-up of the book. We thank Mr. Woodward sincerely for a beautiful and most useful addition to the many hymnals already on the market.

4.—RELIGION AND SCIENCE.¹

It will easily be allowed that in the field of Apologetics our French brethren are hard to rival, for the clearness of thought and lucidity of its expression which so honourably distinguish them are of all qualities those most requisite for work of such a nature.

The little work before us, though it makes little claim to originality, is an excellent specimen of its class, and one that we should much desire to see made available for English readers. The reverend author sets himself to show that when Agnostics and materialists boast that science and religion are incompatible, and Christians fear that such is the case, they are equally deceived ; and he goes to work in the only fashion in which it can be done effectually. In the first place he has thoroughly mastered his subject, and is able to speak with precision as to what Science has to teach regarding the questions with which he deals. In the second place, he

¹ *Les Croyances Religieuses et les Sciences de la Nature.* Par J. Guibert, Supérieur du Séminaire de l'Institut Catholique de Paris. Paris : G. Beauchesne et Cie. Pp. 320. Price 3 fr. 1908.

faces alleged difficulties with absolute fearlessness, making no attempt to blink or extenuate them, but on the contrary stating them as fully and fairly as his antagonists can desire, before proceeding to reply. He is thus unquestionably justified in the confidence he expresses, that his object, though frankly apologetical, has nowise impaired his loyalty to Science.

After a survey of the field of battle and exposition of its character, M. Guibert selects sundry crucial points for examination, upon the solution of which the whole controversy must turn. Firstly, he contends, natural science is impotent to explain the beginnings either of physical operations or organic life, without the intervention of a first cause which is no other than God. Secondly, the order of the universe likewise can be no otherwise accounted for. Thirdly, evolution, so frequently alleged as an explanation of everything, is in truth no explanation at all. The term "evolution" can properly be used only in an historical sense, to designate processes that have actually occurred. It is constantly used as if it were a philosophy, in which are included the force or forces which such processes require for their explanation. This, however, it manifestly is not, and rightly understood it is powerless to supply what is needed. In this matter we cannot but think that our author, as is not uncommon in such cases, is inclined, in his desire to be perfectly fair, to grant more to evolutionists than they have a right to demand, for he declares¹ that palæontology exhibits the fauna and flora of one epoch passing by imperceptible gradations into those of another. This, however, is just what they never do, and the breaches of continuity which they persistently exhibit furnish the most formidable objection against evolutionary history. Biology, the determinism of natural operations—as against free-will,—and the origin of man, are next considered, and the conclusion is reached that reason forbids us to regard man as a mere biological product or a mechanism inevitably controlled by unconscious forces, or simply as an animal which has progressed to his present unique place in nature.

Finally, there is a most interesting and suggestive chapter on the supposed contradiction between Scripture and Science, and this requires somewhat fuller notice on account of the boldness with which the subject is treated. There can, declares M. Guibert, be no contradiction between the Bible and

¹ P. 107.

Science, because the former neither attempted nor intended to convey scientific information for its own sake, but so far only as was required to furnish a setting for the history of God's dealings with man, the only matter with which the inspired writers were concerned. Consequently, they adopted without question the science of their own day,—which was quite sufficient for their purpose,—as when they spoke of the “firmament,” and the waters above and beneath it, or of the sun moving and the earth remaining stationary, or classed the hare as a ruminant. Had they done otherwise, revealing to mankind the astronomy of Newton and Laplace, or the biology of the twentieth century, the Bible would have been unintelligible to all the generations previous to modern times, and we should, no doubt, be still liable to similar mystification, for who can suppose that Science has exhausted her possibilities or reached her terminus, and that she will find nothing in the future to upset present notions no less thoroughly than the Copernican system or the laws of electricity would have bewildered the men of old.

It is, however, in regard of Cosmogony that M. Guibert's method is most daring, and as some will think, startling. Maintaining the same principle, he goes on to argue that, as the inspired writers adopted the ideas then current regarding the actual world before their eyes, so, in like manner, they borrowed the traditional account handed down amongst their own people, as amongst other Semitic races, regarding the genesis of the world. This sufficed for their purpose, which was to exhibit the pure and lofty teachings which were to regulate men's lives, and the subordination of the world to the will of its Maker.

This explanation—“*La théorie des emprunts*,” is, according to M. Guibert, alone satisfactory. He will have nothing to do with attempts to extract from Scripture any positive doctrine on matters of Science, as by taking the Six Days to mean indefinite periods of time, and endeavouring to trace in the rocks the course of Creation as related in Genesis. All such attempts, he maintains, are foredoomed to failure, since they would discover in Holy Writ what was never meant to be there, and they can only play into the hands of adversaries who have no difficulty in showing the fatal flaws which such explanations invariably exhibit.

His own method, on the other hand, furnishes a solution at once simple and easy ; but is it, he asks, legitimate ? That this

question may be affirmatively answered he proceeds to argue on the authority of the Sovereign Pontiff himself, and his illustrious predecessor. It should be added that his book bears the *imprimatur* of the present Archbishop of Paris.

5. —BIBLICAL MANUAL.¹

M. Bacuez' *Manuel biblique*, originally published thirty years ago under the auspices of M. Vigouroux, now comes out in a twelfth edition so augmented and transformed that it is practically a new book. The fact that it is called a manual, and a manual for the use of students in seminaries, will be enough to excite a certain class of critics against it. But seminarists are not so insufficiently fed with up-to-date knowledge as some imagine. They differ, no doubt, in different places, but this book, which is a thoroughly solid piece of work, is of itself a witness to the standard of Scripture knowledge up to which it is considered desirable that our young Levites should be trained. Nor is it only by seminarists that M. Brissac's book may be found useful. Priests are often asked by educated Catholics to recommend them a book which will give them an insight into the various critical questions that are now-a-days discussed so much even in general circles, and this is just the book for their purpose, neither too elementary, nor too oppressively learned, but forming a good introduction to the intelligent reading of the New Testament, and to the chief problems which arise in connection with it.

This third volume embraces the Four Gospels only. First we have a general introduction in which the nature of rationalistic criticism and of its naturalistic pre-suppositions is explained, and the different rationalistic theories of interpretation are described and discussed. Then a chapter is given to each of the Four Gospels, to discuss their authorship, destination, plan, and special characteristics; and one to the difficult question of the mutual relations of the three Synoptics, in which their historical value is appraised, and we are given two very instructive sections, one on the theory of progressive idealization so much patronized by the Modernists, and one on the historical value of

¹ *Manuel Biblique, ou cours d'Ecriture Sainte à l'usage des Séminaires*, Tom. iii. *Nouveau Testament, Les Evangiles*. Par A. Brissac. Douzième édition totalement refondue du *Manuel* de M. Bacuez. Paris: Roger et Chernoviz. Pp. xii. 768. 1908.

the Gospel of the Infancy. Another special chapter, as may be supposed, is given to the Johannine question. In the Second Part of the volume we come to the story of our Lord's life—as told by the Evangelists, and here, after a chapter on the sequence of the events, we have separate chapters on the supernatural works of our Lord, on His teaching, His parables, and discourses; after which comes a chapter which is opportune for the refutation of those who speak as if our Lord's teaching were never dogmatic. The third and last section is on His suffering and triumphant life. There are frequent illustrations which, though more roughly done than we should tolerate in this country, are well selected for assisting the reader to a correct knowledge of the topographical and archæological surroundings of the Gospel history.

Just a word on the question of mutual relations of the Synoptic Gospels to one another. The favourite theory just at present is that which takes St. Mark's Gospel, or an earlier form of the same, to have been a common source to SS. Matthew and Luke; and no doubt it is a strong argument for this theory that the first and third Gospels embody so much of St. Mark, and in forms which approximate very much to transcription. Still, it will always be a very serious difficulty against this theory that the characteristics of the three Synoptics correspond so strikingly with the accounts of their origin given by the early Fathers. Thus, St. Matthew is so clearly written for the Jewish readers, whom it assumes to be familiar with Jewish beliefs and usages; and St. Mark so clearly for Gentiles, to whom it was necessary to explain Jewish technicalities when they had to be mentioned. And yet, if we take St. Mark to be the source for the other two, it is difficult to see how this distinction of purposes can be maintained. Then, too, as to the theory of a previous Oral Gospel. It seems to us that few writers do justice to this hypothesis. Thus Batiffol, whom the present author quotes, says: "A purely oral gospel, spoken first in Aramæan by Galilean lips, then in Greek by Jewish or Greek lips, could not without great difficulty retain that fixity to the retention of which the words and terms of expression identical in two or more of the Synoptics testify." But is it not conceivable that these oral gospels or fragments, containing each a discourse, or a miracle followed by a discourse, or two or three incidents forming together an episode, were deliberately composed, and ordered to be committed to memory, and often

recited? If it were insisted on that the text should not be changed, it might have been preserved with very trifling changes till the time when the Synoptics wrote. And they, having these oral fragments in their memory, but having also the independent testimony of Apostles and others, might, whilst inevitably adhering in substance to the oral texts they had in their memory, feel themselves free to make the small changes rendered necessary by the general plan on which they wrote their gospels, and pieced together the oral fragments.

6.—NATIONAL CHURCHES.¹

Mr. Masterman is an ardent writer who sees a great future before the English State and the Anglican Church, if only they can be brought each to see its true vocation and rise to its corresponding responsibility.

Churchmanship [he says] and citizenship are the natural expression of the two strongest instincts of humanity—the instinct of self-protection and the instinct of self-sacrifice; both these instincts find their full scope only under a democratic system; and the reconciliation of their apparently conflicting claims is to be found in the law of service that finds its fullest expression in the Incarnation.

These are on the whole true words, though after all there should be an element of self-protection in Churchmanship and an element of self-sacrifice in citizenship; and the implication in the use of the term "democratic," that government which is not by the people cannot be for the people, though conventional, is confusing and misleading. But the point of Mr. Masterman's contention is that Churches, to be able to take up and succeed in this vocation, must be truly national, as otherwise they could not be in sufficient sympathy with the aspirations and temperaments of the populations they are to guide into paths of self-sacrifice. This perhaps is not quite true, for if it were, how could we explain that in the first origins of European nations, the chief factors in moulding the national life into sound forms, were Churches necessarily at that early stage staffed by foreign missionaries. Still it is true that if a Church is to exercise a beneficial influence on the national life it must

¹ *The Rights and Responsibilities of National Churches.* By J. Howard Masterman, M.A., Professor of History in the University of Birmingham. Hulsean Lectures for 1907-8. Cambridge University Press. Pp. 90. 2s. 6d. net. 1908.

be in sympathy with the aspirations and temperament of the population, so far at least as these are commendable in themselves or in their capabilities. But then arises the question what is essential to a national Church, if it is to have that kind of sympathy; and here the author is altogether too vague and uncertain in his conceptions, and thereby causes his lectures to be what Hulsean Lectures should not be, mere verbiage.

Take the following passage, in which, after declaring that "the two great enemies of nationality in history have been Imperialism and the Roman Catholic Church"—in both cases through their "distrust in the cause of freedom," he says:

What Rome has tried to impose upon all nations has not been true Catholicism, but a distinctively local type of Christianity. . . . In the opportunity of consecrating to all noble ends the dawning national life of united Italy, it had a task worthy of its great traditions. But the Roman Church seems to have turned from this, its true task, to pursue the impracticable dream of universal dominion. . . . Yet, if in this we impeach the Roman Church, must we not also impeach ourselves? It is impossible to read without deep sorrow the record of the efforts of English Statesmen of the sixteenth century to impose on Ireland a type of Christianity that had been the special product of English genius. . . . Nor has the attempt been less disastrous in the case of Scotland, when it shattered all hopes of the restoration of the Episcopal order in the Presbyterian Church of that country, and resulted in an equally unsuccessful effort to impose a Scottish type of religion on the England of the Commonwealth period.

What this means, though the author strangely fails to see it, is that Churches, if they are to fulfil the purpose which alone justifies their existence in the world, must be allowed a perfect freedom to decline as much as the national tastes may desire from the truths, the sacraments, the organization, the spirit, which were imparted and prescribed to the original Church of Christ by its Divine Founder. For the differences by which the Churches mentioned in the passage quoted are constituted in the quality of national Churches, as he understands the term, are differences in just those particulars which every one who believes that truth is truth, and revelation is revelation, must regard as essential. On the other hand, he seems quite unconscious that there can be all the differences of specialization needful to meet the local requirements in Churches of nations as different in their habits as are the Italian, Spanish, French, and German, without any breaches of governmental unity, or divergencies of doctrinal belief and sacramental practice. We

must claim, too, on behalf of the Catholics of this country, that our Church of the Province of Westminster is at least as much specialized in all that is needful to meet the requirements of the people amidst which it works, as the Established Churches of England or Scotland.

7.—SEVEN CENTURIES OF LACE.¹

Photography is not by any means an ideal medium for reproducing coloured works of art, but for designs in black and white it has great advantages, and it is really admirably adapted for illustrating lace. Mrs. Pollen's work on lace has many attractions, it contains much that is new, instructive, and stimulating to the mind, but above all it is a true book of art, for it brings before us vividly by its many and magnificent illustrations, the grace, the delicacy, the richness, the simplicity, and the true beauty of lace.

Everybody has heard something about lace, but most people know very little, and find it very difficult to obtain reliable information. Our guide-books have been defective, and our "authorities" are dogmatic and unsatisfying. Mrs. Pollen's book will leave no excuse for such shortcomings. She gives full-sized pictures of each sort of lace (this, it appears, has never yet been attempted), describes systematically all the distinctive features, and gives a glossary of all the technical terms. Again a new departure, and a most welcome one. Sometimes the lace is enlarged, so that the stitch may be better seen. It should also be added that every example belongs to her own private collection, and thus her familiarity with their details and structure is intimate, sympathetic, and thorough to no ordinary degree.

The prevalence of ecclesiastical pieces among the early lace is surprising, until one remembers that lace originated in the ornamentation of albs, and other church linen. This gives the authoress the opportunity of going back to early times, and to some of the more celebrated examples of early work, for instance to the alb of Assisi, said to have been woven and ornamented by St. Clare, and to have been worn by St. Francis, "which I was fortunately able to examine closely, and to obtain

¹ By Mrs. John Hungerford Pollen, with a preface by Mr. Alan Cole, and numerous illustrations, comprising examples of every known style of lace. Royal 4to. Heinemann. 3os. 1908.

details of the lacework." Even more interesting and important is the discussion (again based on personal inspection and illustrated by special photographs) of the alb said to have been worn by Pope Boniface VIII. at the end of the thirteenth century. Putting aside the flounce of later pillow-made lace, Mrs. Pollen contends that the body of the alb, with its "lace ornaments of an Eastern character," all the various stitches of which are accurately described, may well be of the antiquity traditionally claimed for it.

Our experts have hitherto been content with a much more modern date for the origin of lace, and we confess to have opened this book with a prepossession against Mrs. Pollen's contention. But though some of her points (as the arguments from Giotto's frescoes, and from the medieval miniatures) seem unduly pressed, her arguments from the stitches or "punti" found in these early examples, and from the obviously close relation of their designs to Coptic work of still earlier dates, seem to us not only strong but convincing. Mr. Alan S. Cole, than whom no higher authority could be named, in an interesting prefatory letter, has come to the same conclusion. Now that we know what to expect in the earliest laces, more traces of it will probably be recognized.

Whatever may be the eventual verdict of antiquarians on this point, no lover of lace can read Mrs. Pollen's bewitching book without acquiring new ideas, deeper knowledge, and an enhanced appreciation of this beautiful fabric.

8.—ARTISTIC CATHOLIC LITERATURE.¹

The St. Nicholas Series of Beautiful Books, edited by Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B., and published by Messrs. Macdonald and Evans, has made an excellent start by the issue of the three books, named below, and we congratulate both editor and publishers on their success. The first numbers of the series well merit the epithet given them. Their material equipment evidences great taste. With bright, yet not too ornate, cloth

¹ Barnaby Bright. By Rev. D. Bearne, S.J. 2 vols. Pp. 164, 160; Father Mathew. By Katharine Tynan. Pp. 178; The Story of Blessed Thomas More. By a nun of Tyburn Convent, Pp. xii. 174. London: Macdonald and Evans, 4, Adam Street, Adelphi, W.C. ("St. Nicholas Series" of Beautiful Books: each with six illustrations in colour and priced at 2s. net.)

covers, gilt tops, good paper, handsome type, and wide margins, they are very pleasant to look at, to handle and to read. As for the coloured pictures, six of which are allotted to each volume, we have rarely seen book-illustrations better conceived or better produced. Yet they are not all uniformly excellent. Those in *Barnaby Bright*, mainly by J. Durden, are wholly delightful. A. Chevallier Tayler's illustrations of *Father Mathew* are likewise well drawn and harmoniously tinted, although they are distributed rather at random through the book, a picture belonging to p. 44 coming last at p. 160. C. J. Smart, who contributes a pleasing frontispiece to *Barnaby Bright*, has a good drawing from the Holbein portrait of the martyr in *Blessed Thomas More*, but the other illustrations in the volume, by Gabriel J. Pippet, though above the average of such work, are not quite up to the level of others in the series. This artist should pay particular attention to the hands of his figures, always difficult members to draw accurately.

Regarding the subject-matter of the volumes, it may be said that *Barnaby Bright* has been aptly chosen to head a series of beautiful books, for it is written in Father Bearn's happiest vein. Interesting as a story, with clearly-defined characters, and a well-developed plot, it is still more attractive on account of the sympathy with all the moods of nature that pervades it, and the keen eye for all the wholesome beauties of this earth, moral as well as physical, that went to its making. If the other stories of the series bear comparison with the first, its success is assured. *The Life of Father Mathew*, by Mrs. Hinkson, deals with one of the most wonderful personalities of the last century. It is told with grace and simplicity, narrating just so much of contemporary history as to set Father Mathew's career in its true light. The record is an inspiring one, and, in these days when the principles of the great Apostle of Temperance are once again becoming prevalent in his native land, it will serve as a stimulus and a guide. The anonymous author of *The Story of Blessed Thomas More* had, if we may say so, an easy task before her, for the baldest narration of that simple and noble life could hardly fail of interest. In her hands it loses nothing of its beauty and pathos, and the high moral lessons with which it abounds. It could be wished that the name of the authoress were published in this and similar cases; anonymity invariably detracts from the interest of a book.

We have said enough, we hope, to make it clear that the

Catholic public would do well to subscribe to this series. It is an enterprize, indeed, that deserves generous support from all lovers of literature, being a well-considered attempt to restore to book-production artistic qualities well-nigh destroyed by the modern cult of cheapness. But we consider that the series has a special claim on our Catholic educational institutions, both primary and secondary. Here are quite ideal prize-books, not recommended merely by their bright appearance, but also by the intrinsic value of their contents. It would be a thousand pities if they did not meet with an immediate and practical welcome from those concerned with the reading of our Catholic youth.

Short Notices.

WE do not find it easy to set down a consistent impression of **Marotz**, a novel of Sicilian life, by John Ayscough (Constable and Co., 6s.). It is clearly written by a Catholic, being full of intimate touches that mark membership of the Household, and yet we find unpleasantly prominent in the tale certain sins, the mere mention of which among Christians St. Paul deprecates. It contains, again, a long and delicate description of life in the cloister—too long indeed, for the artistic structure of the story—but full of spiritual insight. The chief interest of the book does not lie in the heroine, who is not at all convincingly drawn, for she is a devout Catholic, yet she does not know that clandestine alliances between Catholics in Italy (and everywhere now), are absolutely invalid, and are not even equivalent to betrothal; she is an educated woman of more than ordinary intelligence, yet she supposes that she can “will” her son to be born without a rational soul, and afterwards “will” him her own soul in reparation—an absurd idea which invests half the book with unreality. But many of the subsidiary characters are drawn with much grace and humour, evidencing keen observation and familiar knowledge of Sicilian life.

The reviewers generally have credited Father R. H. Benson, with a polemical purpose in **The Lord of the World** (Pitman, 6s.), which has only just reached us. The novel has had a great vogue, and, as the work of a powerful and picturesque imagination, deserves it. But not all Catholics, we are disposed to think, will consider likely the picture the author paints of the future of God's Church, as the logical outcome of present-day tendencies. It is not so much that he represents a general defection from the faith as preceding the days of Antichrist—there is Scripture warrant for that view, though it is not conclusive—but he imagines a sort of humanitarian religion as not only ousting Catholicism from the minds and affections of the race at large, but as being a really tolerable substitute for that outworn creed. It seems to us incredible that the idea of the Brotherhood of Man can be made a really effective force, if divorced from belief in the Fatherhood of God. Catholic Apologetic has always regarded a race of sincere “theoretical” atheists as historically non-existent and philosophically impossible. And we are wont to denounce, as solvents of all human

society, the extreme tenets of Socialism—abolition of all private property free-love, the legalization of certain forms of murder, &c. But in the story the idea of God is practically abolished, and supernatural sanctions destroyed, without society falling to pieces. As human nature remains essentially unchanged, the past must always be the best key to the future, and hence we cannot accept many of the details of Father Benson's forecast. Still, the book, apart from this, has a deep and striking moral, showing that in Catholicism alone lies the one hope of supernatural religion. In the cleverly sketched material improvements of the future age, Father Benson displays an insight into scientific possibilities which rivals that of Mr. Wells, and his book is in every way calculated to excite thought.

Father Thomas Gerrard has just grounds of complaint against certain of his reviewers. *The Church Times* ascribed his latest book, **The Cords of Adam** (Longmans, 5s. net.), to the editor of this periodical, whilst *The Athenæum* classed it under the head of fiction! Whereas, it is a collection of beautiful spiritual essays, designed to set forth the true attractiveness of Christianity and to remove the ugly perversions which Protestantism and Jansenism have managed to effect in the Law of Love. They are of varying length, but all marked by much freshness and originality of treatment. The devout reader will find them stimulating, and the inquirer into the *ethos* of Catholic devotion could hardly be recommended a better book.

We are glad to welcome a second edition of Abbot Gasquet's **The Old English Bible and Other Essays** (Bell and Sons, 6s. net.), which we dealt with fully at the time of its first appearance in 1897. In this re-issue the matter of the former volume, some time out of print, is practically unchanged and we have no need to change our appreciation of it. It is to be regretted, however, in view of the recent notorious misrepresentations in *The Children's Encyclopedia*, that his other more important occupations connected with the Bible have prevented the Abbot from adding to this volume the matter he has since accumulated in support of his well-known contention that what is known as Wyclif's Bible is in reality an ancient Catholic version.

The new legislation of the Holy See on the subject of the Sacrament of Matrimony is giving occasion, necessarily, to a crop of commentaries. In April we noticed Father Devine's treatise: we have now to call attention to another, even more weightily approved, for it has the *Imprimatur* of the Master of the Sacred Palace—the Rev. Dr. Cronin's **The New Matrimonial Legislation** (Washbourne, 5s. net, cloth). As Vice-Rector of the English College at Rome, the author has had exceptional opportunities of arriving at the mind of the Church in the matter. He gives the Decree, in Latin and English, and then devotes a few pages to its history. Then follows the commentary, which is clear and well arranged. We are glad to notice that he has explained one point, misunderstanding of which has caused much unnecessary indignation amongst outsiders. After showing that private betrothals no longer bind either in law or conscience, he points out that, although no conscientious obligation to *marry* arises from an invalid bilateral contract of this sort, still, a breach of such a promise by one of the parties entails an obligation to make due satisfaction for the injury so inflicted.

Mr. Thomas Baker continues the re-issue of the ascetical works of St. John of the Cross by the publication of the **Dark Night of the Soul** (5s. net). It is supplementary to the well-known *Ascent of Mount Carmel* re-issued in 1906. Both works are in the translation of the late Mr. David

Lewis, carefully revised and edited by Father Benedict Zimmermann, O.C.D., who furthermore contributes valuable introductions; in the latter case, a long and learned essay on the Development of Mysticism in the Carmelite Order. The books are beautifully printed, and no one could wish a better means than they provide of guidance in the higher walks of spirituality. *The Dark Night* is especially concerned with those mysterious interior trials by means of which the Divine Spirit is wont to complete the sanctification of His elect.

Readers of *THE MONTH* need no introduction to *Lois*, by Miss Emily Hickey (Washbourne, 3s. 6d.), which appeared a few years ago in our pages. To others it may be recommended as a brightly-told story, with a well-defined moral, but not the less interesting for that.

In a Roundabout Way, by Miss Clara Mulholland (Washbourne, 2s. 6d.), is an exciting tale of love and adventure, the scene of which is laid mainly in Donegal. The good are rewarded and the villains punished in the end after the most approved fashion, amid a double peal of marriage bells.

A great deal of interesting information about the patron Saint of this country has been brought together in a daintily-produced volume—*St. George for Merrie England* (George Allen, 5s. net), by Miss Margaret H. Bulley. The authoress discusses the whole legend at great length, as well as the history of his cult in England, which came to an end, as far as it had any religious significance for the nation, with the Reformation. It may be said to have begun again amongst Protestants with the first annual celebration of St. George's Day last year in St. Paul's Cathedral. But the most valuable part of the book is the collection of fifty-six full-page illustrations representing St. George in the Art of Christendom; they are excellently reproduced, and show how widespread and lasting was the influence of the Saint's career. Miss Bulley adopts as her own the saying of Pope Gelasius (494), the first critic of the "Acts"—"that [St. George] was one of those Saints whose names are justly revered amongst men, but whose actions are known only to God."

Not long ago we welcomed the appearance of an acute French criticism of the Modernists from the pen of Père J. Lebreton. A translation of this, by Father Alban Goodier, S.J., has now been issued by the C.T.S. (cloth 6d., paper 3d.). The author calls his work a mere sketch, but it is quite long and quite clear enough to show up the fundamental fallacies of the Modernist position and the disastrous consequences to all revealed religion that would follow its adoption. It is well "documented" from English, French, German, and Italian sources, and, in its English dress, makes very interesting reading. Its title is *The Encyclical and Modernist Theology*.

Cardinal Newman's Literary Executors have republished through Messrs. Longmans ("Pocket Library," 2s. net. cloth; 3s. net. leather), *The Church of the Fathers and University Teaching*. The first-named volume forms Vol. II. of the *Historical Sketches*, and in it the Cardinal shows how Catholic ideas remain unchanged amid all the varieties of Catholic practice. "University Teaching" is the first part of "The Idea of a University," and its republication is especially appropriate now when Ireland seems at last to be securing some sort of University Teaching for the bulk of her people. The actual, alas! is not quite the same as Newman's ideal, but the more the latter is understood and appreciated the more chance there will be of approximating to it.

M. l'Abbé G. Cerceau has selected from the seven volumes of Louis

Veuillot's correspondence that have already appeared, those that especially reveal the character and virtues of the great French Catholic publicist. *L'Âme d'un Grand Chrétien* (Lethielleux, 3 fr. 50), which has reached a second edition, certainly justifies its title. The letters show the ardent faith and singleness of purpose, as well as the literary ability, that made Veuillot so great a power in Catholic France. They reveal, also, his constant and enthusiastic devotion to the Holy See, which was his sheet-anchor amid the storms of controversy and the soul of his work for Catholicity. The Abbé groups these intimate letters together under appropriate heads, and connects them with a train of unobtrusive but luminous comment.

Veuillot, even apart from journalism, was a voluminous writer, and we are not surprised that much of his work remains still uncollected. Some of this, with the title of *Derniers Mélanges: 1872—1877*, it is proposed to publish in four large octavo volumes, the first of which (1872—1873) has just reached its second edition (Lethielleux, 6 fr.) under the editorship of M. François Veuillot. It gives a lively picture of the France of his day, social, political, and religious, and the charm of the writer's style and the play of his humour invest even the lightest subjects with interest.

A useful addition to the *Bibliothèque d'Histoire Religieuse* is M. l'Abbé Joseph Turmel's *Histoire du Dogme de la Papauté, des origines à la fin du quatrième siècle* (Picard et Fils, 4 fr.). As the origins of our faith are being made the subject of profound investigation both by believer and unbeliever, it is well from time to time to have the state of the question proposed in a popular fashion. The Abbé shows himself thoroughly well acquainted with his authorities, both ancient and modern, and has constructed a clear and persuasive narrative on their foundations.

The ancient authorities above mentioned are gradually being made more accessible to the ordinary student by another group of French scholars who publish *Textes et Documents pour l'étude Historique du Christianisme*. We noticed in April the sixth volume of this series—*The Funeral Discourses of St. Gregory of Nazianzum*. Now the seventh is to hand, a work of St. Gregory of Nyssa, viz., *Discours Catéchétique*, the Greek text edited with introduction, translation, index, by M. Louis Méridier (Picard, 3 fr.). We cannot imagine a more delightful substitute for the ponderous volumes of Migne than these beautifully-printed texts, with their scholarly equipment.

Many accounts of the Apostle of Ireland have been written since the late Father William Morris, of the Oratory, first published, in the eighties, we think, his *Life of St. Patrick*, the sixth edition of which is now before us (Burns and Oates, 2s. 6d.). Father Morris himself revised, improved, and enlarged his first sketch in the third edition, published in 1887, and we paid due tribute at the time to the learning and research that were displayed in it. As a thoroughly sound and critical estimate of the Saint's character and work it compares favourably with later attempts, and the low price at which it is issued should give it a new vogue amongst us.

Those who have read *Althea*, the pretty story recommended in our last issue, will be glad to meet the same characters in *Dear Friends* (Benziger, 2s.), by D. Ella Nirdlinger. They, the most interesting ones, are still boys and girls, only more grown up, and meet with a series of adventures and trials calculated to test their greater maturity.

M. Le Chanoine Léon Désers is the author of many "apologetic" treatises addressed to the "After-Christian" mind, (to use the convenient title invented by the late Mr. C. S. Devas), and he has presented the cream of them in *La Crise Religieuse au Point de vue intellectuel* (Lethielleux,

0.75 fr.), a conference originally delivered to a St. Vincent de Paul meeting. The usual topics—the “laws” of science, the existence of God and of the soul, miracles, the Bible, &c.—are treated here with brevity, indeed, but without obscurity, and with a real knowledge of the psychology of doubt.

As Stars for Ever (Burns and Oates, 1s. net.), is a collection of five tuneful little poems about five great saints, with no author's name, but illustrated by five bold line-drawings from the pen of L. D. Symington, already widely known from *The Alphabet of Saints*, *The Inchcape Rock*, and other illustrated books.

A more ambitious, larger, yet cheaper, booklet of devotional verse called **Jesu Maria Verses**, by M. Seaton (which is not published, but may be obtained for a sixpenny P.O. from Miss M. Rossiter, St. Joseph's School, Chasetown, Walsall), is also adorned with illustrations, not original, however, but well-executed half-tones from famous masters. The verse flows easily, and contains many pious thoughts, aptly phrased.

A title which is ambiguous and needs an explanation of circumstances to make it quite intelligible should not be adopted without necessity, and, therefore, we think Father Hull ill-advised in calling his valuable essays on the life and *cultus* of the Blessed Virgin a **First Book on our Lady** (Sands and Co., 6d.) For the work is not a primer of devotion to the Mother of God, but contains, first of all, a soundly critical discussion of the facts (and legends) of our Lady's life as enshrined in Christian tradition, and secondly, a very detailed and interesting investigation into the meaning to be attributed to our Lord's remark at the marriage feast of Cana—*τί ἐποίησας μοι, γύναι*; (St. John ii. 4). The first part is, therefore, expository, and the second mainly defensive, for Protestants usually base their objections to the *cultus* of Mary on these words. Both alike are characterized by that thoroughness and breadth of view that belong to all Father Hull's writings, and we trust that the welcome given to this booklet will justify its title by encouraging the publication of his further treatises on the same subject.

We are glad to welcome in pamphlet form the stirring lecture on **The True Rationalism** (Sands and Co. 4d. net), delivered last February by Father M. Power, S.J., to the members of St. Ninian's Society of the University of Glasgow. The lecturer makes a vigorous and lively plea for the First Principles of Catholic Philosophy, which suppose the capacity of the human mind to reach certainty as against the empirical non-Catholic systems, and he brings together many passages from St. Augustine and St. Thomas in favour of the sane use of reason, which should enlighten many a glib denouncer of Scholasticism.

Amongst smaller works that have reached us are **A Schoolmaster of the Renaissance** (Convent of the Sacred Heart, Roehampton, 1s. net.), by a Religious of the Sacred Heart. This is a short but well-written drama, having for subject some episodes in the life of Vittorino da Feltre. Father W. Roche, S.J., contributes an introductory sketch of the hero. **Why do so many vain fears keep you away from frequent and daily Communion?** (Burns and Oates, 9d.) from the Italian of Father S. Antoni, a booklet whose scope is sufficiently indicated by its title. It is noteworthy that the first edition of this work appeared in the year before the famous Decree of December 20, 1905. **Catechism for First Communicants**: new Edition (Burns and Oates, 1d.), by the Very Rev. Father Procter, O.P. **The Catholic Confessional and the Sacrament of Penance** (Burns and Oates, 6d.), by the Rev. Albert M'Keon; a collection of one hundred paragraphs on the practice of confession in the Church, rather desultory in arrangement and not always convincing in the matter of logic.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

*(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)**Allen and Sons, London :*

ST. GEORGE FOR MERRIE ENGLAND : By Margaret H. Bulley.
Pp. 156. Price, 5s. net. 1908.

Baker, London :

THE DARK NIGHT OF THE SOUL : By St. John of the Cross. Translated by David Lewis, and edited by Rev. B. Zimmermann, O.C.D.
Pp. xxiv, 188. Price, 5s. net. 1908.

Bell and Sons, London :

THE OLD ENGLISH BIBLE AND OTHER ESSAYS : By Dom F. A. Gasquet. New Edition. Pp. x, 348. Price, 6s. net. 1908.

Benziger, New York :

DEAR FRIENDS : By D. Ella Nirdlinger. Pp. 176. Price, 2s. 1908.
HISTORY OF ECONOMICS : By Rev. J. A. Dewe, A.M. Pp. 334. Price, 6s. 1908. THE CHARACTERISTICS AND THE RELIGION OF MODERN SOCIALISM : By Rev. J. Ming, S.J. Pp. 388. Price, 6s. 1908.

Bloud et Cie., Paris :

REGARDS EN ARRIERE : By George Fonsegrive. Pp. x, 346. Price, 3 fr. 50. 1908. LES DEUX ASPECTS DE L'IMMANENCE ET LE PROBLEME RELIGIEUX : By Ed. Thamiry. Pp. xxxviii, 308. Price, 4 fr. 1908. LOUIS XI. EN PELERINAGE : By Marcel Navarre. Pp. ix, 252. Price, 3 fr. 1908.

Burns and Oates, Ltd., London :

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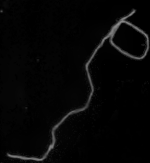
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